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FORTY YEARS A COUNTRY PREACHER

BY GEORGE B. GILBERT

RICHARD MAXWELL • CE W. HALL • F

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37867
Bibliothek
Fieldstone Park
Chicago Ill

At left . . . when the children first arrived at our Orphanage. Right . . . four days later when they were clean and well fed. Below . . . a corner in the boys' shop.

"I am enclosing a few pictures that I took recently. The pictures of the two little girls show them after I had taken them into the orphanage. Two of the pictures show them the day they turned up. I say turned up for that is just what happened. A missionary found them homeless and in a very bad condition and since he did not have an orphanage and any place to keep them he sent them to me. We could not see how we could take them—nor how we could refuse. They were dirty and hungry and sick. They had no clothes only the two pieces that they wore; did not have any bedding and not even a hat. One of them had been living with a beggar uncle who lived in a hog pen (actually that—a hog wallow was under the bed). The uncle died, fortunately but did not have any relatives so far as I can trace. Somehow I could not say no to them and because they were sick and without clothes I had to take them into my place for a few days. I rolled up my sleeves and began cleaning them up. One of them was yellow with jaundice and the other had malaria and both undernourished. Their few clothes were alive with lice and their hair was matted with dirt, lice and nits. After the second day I decided that it would be easier on all concerned if I cut their hair close and destroyed all the zoological specimens with one blow. I got other clothes and washed their old ones. After the second day the three of us sorta fell in love and the kiddies seemed starved for just a little affection and for someone that cared about them. I kept them here at my house for about two weeks before taking them to the other girls. Don't you think that they are sweet?

Sincerely
Merlin A. Bishop

They Lived .. in a Hog Pen

WE GIVE you the pictures and part of Merlin Bishop's letter because we know you will want to make it possible for these two children to live in the comparative comfort and security of your Mission in China. We have had to move the children—all of them—back into the hills outside of the town of Foochow, the bombs were falling too often and too close for safety.

We hope the Industrial School does not have to close its doors and stop the work that has helped to support the orphanage. One thing we have in our favor—the American dollar has greatly increased in value in China and although food is scarce and expensive we are able to do more with our dollar than ever before.

As never before China needs the faith you have and the support you can give—400 orphans depend on you for food and helter—without you our workers in China re lost—their sacrifice is in vain.

e what you can—every penny helps.

CHRISTIAN HERALD MISSIONS IN CHINA
BUSINESS OFFICE, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

It is our hope that you can continue to save the lives of little children and give them a home and education.

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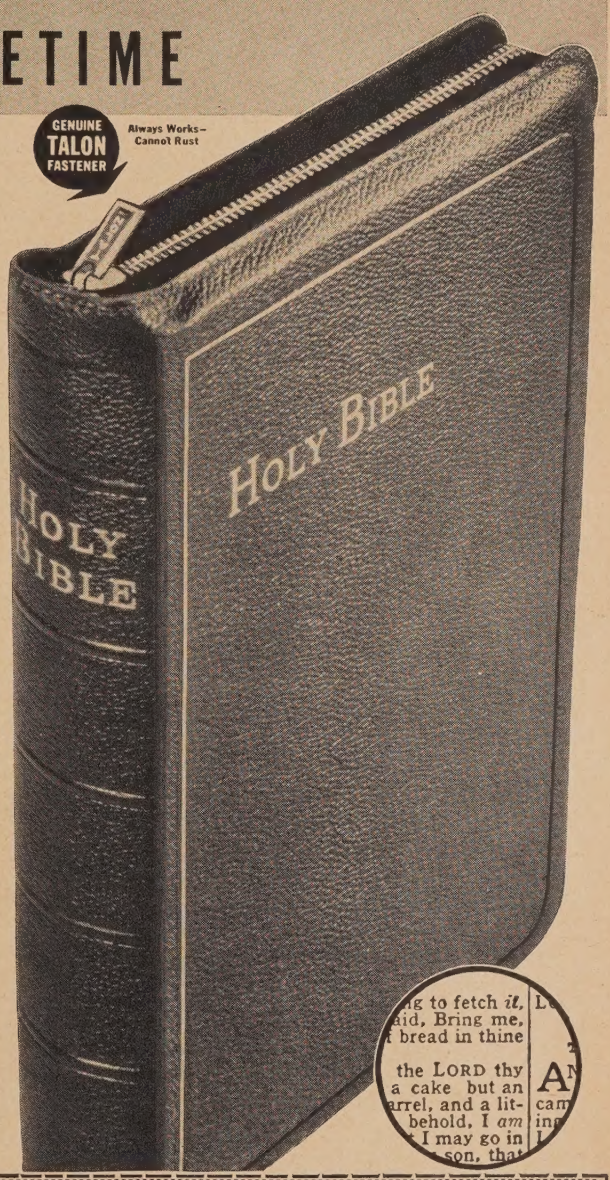

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National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Dr. William Stidger—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—BLUE.
2.30 P.M. Your Family and Mine. Dramatic serial of family life—CBS.
3:45 P.M. Between the Bookends. Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—BLUE.
5:30 P.M. Affairs of Anthony. Character building dramas for children—BLUE.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—BLUE.

SUNDAYS

9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft. Julius Mattfeld, organist, playing classics of organ literature.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Pastors from representative American religious groups, with sacred music—CBS.
10:00 A.M. The Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.
11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals and devotional service—BLUE.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ—CBS.
12.30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:15 P.M. Pilgrimage of Poetry. Honoring American poets, starts Oct. 15—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. Democracy in Action. How our Federal government operates—CBS.
3:00 P.M. New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society. Starting Oct. 15, John Barbirolli conducting—CBS.
4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatization program under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
5:30 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air—BLUE.
7:00 P.M. People's Platform. The people take the air—CBS.
8:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini conducting—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Detroit Symphony orchestra—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. The Haenschen Concert orchestra—RED.
10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Edits the News. H. V. Kaltenborn gives editorial comment on world events—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talks with music—BLUE.

MONDAYS

12:30 P.M. Religion and the New World—Dr. Joseph Sizoo—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Interviews with interesting personalities—RED.
2:00 P.M. Adventure in Reading. Discussion of works of outstanding authors—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Directed by Joe Emerson—RED.
3:00 P.M. United States Marine Band—BLUE.
5:45 P.M. Adventures in Science. Leading scientists in talks about their own field—CBS.
6:05 P.M. The Human Side of the News. Edwin C. Hill—CBS.
7:15 P.M. American History in Song. From Valley Forge to present day—Red.
8:00 P.M. Tune Up Time. Andre Kostelanetz—CBS
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks, symphonic orchestra—RED.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented program. Orchestra, soloists—RED.
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

TUESDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Folk music of America. Alan Lomax, American folk song specialist, singing—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life. Dr. John Southerland Bonnell—RED.
1:45 P.M. General Federation of Women's Clubs. Consumer's program—RED.
2:00 P.M. Women in the Making of America—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
3:00 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall. Prominent soloists—CBS.
3:00 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
7:45 P.M. Prominent English and French Statesmen review the political picture—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Big Town. Problems of crime in the big city—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Program designed to stump the experts—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. We the People. Gabriel Heatter interviewing unusual personalities in the news—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Mr. District Attorney. Dramatic serial exposing rackets—RED.
10:00 P.M. If I Had the Chance. Interviews outstanding personalities—BLUE.

WEDNESDAYS

12:30 P.M. The Truth That Makes Men Free. Dr. Francis C. Stifler—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over, with June Hynd—RED.
5:15 P.M. Of Men and Books. Prof. John T. Frederick of Northwestern University—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Art in the News. Newsworthy events in the world of art—RED.
8:00 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatic serial—RED.
8:30 P.M. Hobby Lobby. Outstanding figures lobby for their pet hobbies—BLUE.

THURSDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Tales from Far and Near—dramatizations of modern stories for children—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Timeless Truths Made Timely. Dr. Christopher Jeffares McCombe—RED.
2:00 P.M. Ideas That Came True. Social science series with Rollo Reynolds—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
7:45 P.M. English and French Statesmen review political situation—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Jessica Dragonette, orchestra and male chorus—BLUE.
9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air. Educational feature—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Experimental radio drama—CBS.

FRIDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. This Living World—current events, dramatizations and discussions from N. Y. C. high schools—CBS.
12:15 P.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Opportunity. Dr. Daniel A. Poling—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Guest speakers—RED.
2:30 P.M. Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch; begins Oct. 13—BLUE.
7:15 P.M. American History in Song—RED.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manners, soprano—Frank Black—RED.
8:30 P.M. Don't Forget. Test on ability to remember facts through thought association—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. America Unlimited. National problems of economic importance—RED.

SATURDAYS

10:30 A.M. Bright Idea Club. Instructive ideas for youngsters—RED.
11:00 A.M. Dorian String Quartet. For lovers of serious music—CBS.
11:30 A.M. Hilda Hope, M.D. Realistic incidents in the life of a woman doctor—RED.
11:30 A.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS
12:00 noon American Educational Forum. Discussion of Educational technique—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Call To Youth. Dr. Alfred Grant Walton—RED.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Weekly service to the nation's philatelists—RED.
1:30 P.M. What Price America. Toward the conservation of this Country's resources—CBS.
2:00 P.M. Bull Session. University of Chicago students discuss problems of the day—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter Van Kirk—RED.
7:00 P.M. Americans at Work. Dramatizations and interviews with workers on interesting phases of American industry—CBS.
9:30 P.M. Arch Oboler's Plays. Original dramas appealing to the imagination—RED.
9:45 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade. Mary Eastman, Bill Perry, Gus Haenschen's orchestra—CBS.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

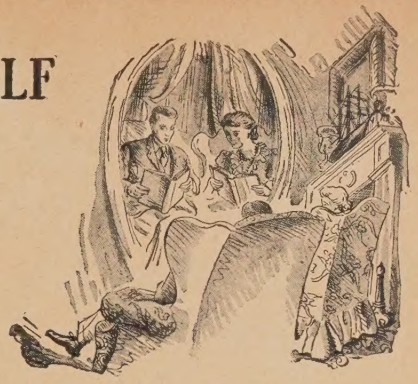
WITH the promise of one of the hottest debates on record, "America's Town Meeting of the Air" will begin its fifth season over NBC networks on Thursday, Oct. 5. Launching this year's series will be Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes and General Hugh Johnson, one-time NRA Administrator, discussing the subject, "Critical Political Issues."

ONE of the best of the serious musical programs to return to the airwaves for the winter will be the celebrated New York Philharmonic Symphony, which starts its tenth season on CBS on Sunday, Oct. 15. Young, British-born John Barbirolli will once again conduct the weekly two-hour concert. America's oldest symphony orchestra, the Philharmonic was founded in 1842 by a Connecticut Yankee, Ureli Corelli Hill, and will observe its 97th birthday this year.

HEADED by *Christian Herald's* Dr. Poling, an impressive list of radio pastors will occupy winter NBC pulpits, beginning this month. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick will be heard in their regular Sunday spots; Dr. John Southerland Bonnell will discuss "Our Spiritual Life" on Tuesdays; Dr. Alfred Grant Walton will conduct the Saturday, "Call To Youth;" Dr. Joseph Sizoo, a comparative newcomer to the networks, who made such a hit with NBC listeners last summer, will be heard Mondays in "Religion and the New World;" and Dr. Walter Van Kirk, keen commentator on religious events, will once again edit "Religion in the News" on Saturdays.

TRUE PICTURE OF YOURSELF AS A BOOK-READER

Here is a list of some good books widely talked about lately. Check those you have wanted very much to read—and those you *have* read.



This list represents those books which have been most in demand by our members, who constitute an excellent cross-section of the nation's reading-public.

INTENDED TO READ	FICTION	YOU DID READ
☐	The Yearling—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings	☐
☐	Grapes of Wrath—John Steinbeck	☐
☐	Wickford Point—John P. Marquand	☐
☐	Captain Horatio Hornblower—C. S. Forester	☐
☐	Seasoned Timber—Dorothy Canfield	☐
☐	The Patriot—Pearl Buck	☐
☐	The Brandons—Angela Thirkell	☐
☐	Here Lies—Dorothy Parker	☐
☐	The Web and the Rock—Thomas Wolfe	☐
☐	Address Unknown—Kressmann Taylor	☐
☐	Tellers of Tales Ed. by W. Somerset Maugham	☐
☐	The Sword in the Stone—T. H. White	☐
☐	Adventures of a Young Man John Dos Passos	☐
☐	Rebecca—Daphne du Maurier	☐
☐	The Woman in the Hall—G. B. Stern	☐
☐	All This, and Heaven Too—Rachel Field	☐
☐	Tree of Liberty—Elizabeth Page	☐
☐	Wine of Good Hope—David Rame	☐

NON-FICTION

☐	Inside Asia—John Gunther	☐
☐	Wind, Sand & Stars Antoine de Saint Exupéry	☐
☐	Days of Our Years—Pierre van Paassen	☐
☐	America in Midpassage Charles A. & Mary R. Beard	☐
☐	Reaching for the Stars—Nora Waln	☐
☐	Huntsman, What Quarry? Edna St. Vincent Millay	☐
☐	Autobiography With Letters William Lyon Phelps	☐
☐	A Peculiar Treasure—Edna Ferber	☐
☐	Andrew Jackson—Marquis James	☐
☐	Benjamin Franklin—Carl Van Doren	☐
☐	You're the Doctor—Victor Heiser, M.D.	☐
☐	Listen! the Wind—Anne Morrow Lindbergh	☐
☐	Moses and Monotheism—Sigmund Freud	☐
☐	Alone—Richard E. Byrd	☐
☐	Designs in Scarlet—Courtney Ryley Cooper	☐
☐	I Wanted to be an Actress—Katharine Cornell	☐
☐	We Shall Live Again—Maurice Hindus	☐
☐	Philosopher's Holiday—Irwin Edman	☐
☐	The Promises Men Live By—Harry Scherman	☐
☐	Dry Guillotine—René Belbenoit	☐

Why continue to miss—as you so often have—new books you know you will deeply enjoy?

THE self-examination provided at the left will show *the degree* to which you may have allowed procrastination to keep you from reading new books which you want very much to read. Over 200,000 families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club a really effectual means of solving this problem.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book *in advance of its publication.* If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

You Still Browse In Bookstores

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination.

If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying these miscellaneous recommended books from a favored bookseller.

In other words, instead of limiting your reading, this system widens it. You can browse among the books as always, but now do it intelligently; you know what to look for.

Once and for all this system *really keeps you from missing the new books you want to read.* You do actually buy and read those you want, instead of confessing sadly to friends, "I never got around to reading that!"

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway, because they are so widely talked about. (Outstanding examples of these in 1938 were THE YEARLING, WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME, THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR, and a list of others too long to include here.) *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

Free Books You Get

These book-dividends represent a unique system of saving through quantity production. The resulting economy is extraordinary. For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive over 75¢ back in the form of free books.

Some of the actual book-dividends distributed within recent months is the best indication of what can be done by this system: they included BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (a special $6 edition); JOSEPH IN EGYPT (2 vols., $5); the Pulitzer Prize edition of ANDREW JACKSON, by Marquis James ($5); MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie ($3.50); THE ARTS, by Van Loon ($3.95). These books were *given* to members—not sold, mind you!

What's Your Obligation

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.*

Your only obligation as a member is to agree to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club. These may be either current or past selections.

FREE...TO NEW MEMBERS

Joseph in Egypt, by Thomas Mann

—or any of the other Book-Dividends listed in coupon

If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, a novel which has been acclaimed as "perhaps the greatest creative work of the twentieth century"—JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann (two volumes, boxed, retail price $5.00). This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose one of the other recent book-dividends listed in the coupon.

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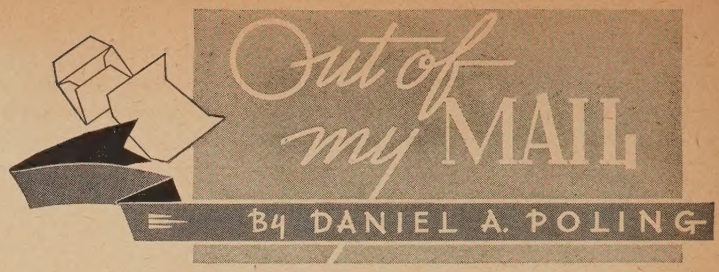

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

THE GREATEST SIN

What is the greatest sin?

MINE! Yours! After all, personally as to salvation, no other sin need worry me. The greatest sin is my sin. The greatest sin is your sin.

Again and again we lose ourselves in debate and lose our souls by debating, forgetting that whatever the sin may be that troubles society or that troubles the neighborhood or the neighbor, it is the personal sin that estranges us as individuals from God. We need to hear him say tonight and every night—each of us—"Thou art the man!" Yes, the greatest sin is your sin, my sin. But He is great and good and able, and always He will forgive us when we call.

BIRTH RATES, HERE AND ABROAD

How can the United States and democratic nations hope to cope with dictatorships when dictatorships stimulate the birth rate and democracies show a rapid decline in population?

TO MY surprise I find that this question is based upon a false assumption. The birth rate in the United States has climbed to 17.9. This almost equals the German birth rate which has fallen steadily in recent years. The *Watchman-Examiner* calls attention to the fact that Germany has now annexed the two lowest birth rates in Europe—Austria and Czechoslovakia. At any rate, the record in the United States is not affected by bachelor taxes, marriage subsidies, and baby bonuses.

ONE OF OUR GREATEST WOMEN

What is your appraisal of the life of Frances E. Willard?

FIRST of all, it is a very tender appraisal. The picture of this great stateswoman hung on the wall of my Oregon childhood home. It is the first picture I remember. Frances E. Willard was one of those uncrowned queens of our American history. The first woman to be honored with a statue in Statuary Hall of the national Capitol, she is, I think, today first among women who have served the nation with prophetic leadership. She was at once a great mind and a great spirit. She graced academic halls, the platform of the Christian church, and the forum of civic debate and public affairs with unfailing credit to herself, with distinction for American womanhood, and with monumental service to mankind.

WE ARE NOT BEING SWAMPED

Do you have any figures on immigration? Is it true that we are being swamped by aliens?

IT IS not true that we are being swamped by aliens!

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, the year of the largest refugee immigration, there was a net immigration into this country for permanent residence of only 42,685. In 1929, the last year before the depression, there was a net immigration increase for permanent residence of 210,475. In 1924, the net increase was 630,107.

Last year's immigration (which may be classified as refugee immigration) was only one-fifth of the immigration for 1929 and one-fifteenth that of 1924.

It must be remembered that some—indeed, many—of these immigrants go into business for themselves, employ scores and hundreds of American citizens. One harmonica factory, formerly located in Cologne, now employs more than four hundred American workers.

Tragic indeed are the results of efforts now being made to close the doors of America to helpless men and women and little children.

GOD DOES FORGIVE

Do you think that God will forgive and restore one to happiness who broke the Seventh Commandment?

I KNOW that God will forgive one who has broken the Seventh Commandment—I know that He will and does forgive one who has broken all the Commandments.

It is not a question of His forgiveness; it is a question of our confession and repentance. It all rests with us. Already God, through Jesus Christ, has finished His work. We have only to meet the conditions to receive the forgiveness and to

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

know the peace that passeth knowledge.

Yes, I can give the one asking this question absolute assurance.

CHRISTIANITY LOSING GROUND?

I am forced, after much thought and study, to conclude that Christianity is losing ground in our United States. Do you not agree with me?

AGAIN and again, it is necessary for us to take the "long look" in order that our faith may be strengthened and our hope revived. The path of civilization, the path of Christianity as an organized force in the world, may dip and rise—and does dip and rise—but more and more I believe that it does not remain permanently at any lower level.

MIXED MARRIAGES

I am a young Protestant girl in love with a Catholic young man. My parents bitterly oppose the very thought of our marriage. Do you oppose such mixed marriages?

I AGREE with the dignitaries and authorities of both the Roman Catholic and Jewish churches. I think that generally mixed marriages are unwise. Always there are exceptions to the rule and I have known very happy exceptions. Certainly there should be a clear, definite understanding before marriage.

THE "PROTOCOLS" AGAIN

Is there any truth in the so-called "Protocols of Zion"? One of my best friends, a true Christian, believes that they are true.

THERE is absolutely no truth in the "Protocols of Zion." They are forgeries throughout, "lies" and only "lies." Again and again they have been disproved.

Both the *London Times* and *The New York Times* have carried this statement:

"They were fabricated in Czarist Russia during the revolutionary upheaval of 1905. The language was copied largely from a French pamphlet of seventy years ago, directed against Napoleon III. In 1935 a legal ruling in Berne, Switzerland, declared the Protocols to be a forgery."

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WE ARE MAKING a direct appeal to the general public to aid us in locating some of our clients whose paid-up certificates have matured or for whom we are holding a cash balance which is due.

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Please look over this list of names. If *your* name appears, you should write us at once so that arrangements can be made to have our nearest representative deliver the money which we are holding for you.

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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

War in Europe

IT HAS come at last—the War which the world has been dreading, yet expecting, for so long. Looking back, we can see that, like a chip on a stream approaching a waterfall, Europe has been drifting inevitably toward just this outcome for many, many months. Mr. Hitler's repeated declarations, throughout the summer, that he intended to regain Danzig and the Corridor should have prepared us, and to some extent did. The steps which have led to this disastrous denouement may be outlined as follows:

The German-Soviet Non-aggression Pact, which so astounded the world when its signing was suddenly announced on August 24th. The Pact astonished everybody for it had been supposed that only a few technicalities remained to block the proposed agreement between Russia, France and England. Those negotiations were immediately dropped. The whole European lineup was thus shifted in an instant. The immediate result, of course, was to rid Hitler of all fear that Russia would join England and France in an alliance against him. By the terms of this pact, Germany and Russia were bound to refrain from any act of force against each other, and also to refrain from supporting any third power which might engage in warlike acts against the other signatory.

The implications of this pact are obvious. Mr. Chamberlain announced to Parliament that England stood upon the brink of war; and both England and France began at once to put into motion the various war measures which had been in preparation for months. Hitler was notified that any act of aggression against Poland meant war at once. That England and France meant business was made evident by the immediate mobilization of troops, and poising of the air forces for instant action.

During the last two weeks of August, a frequent interchange of notes took place between the German Government and those of England and France. Paris asserted that the Fuehrer, in his official letters, demanded the immediate return to the Reich, not only of Danzig, but of the whole of the Polish Corridor.

On August 24, the British Parliament met in extraordinary session to hear the vitally important address by the Prime Minister, which disclosed the gravity of the situation. He declared it to be England's intention to adhere firmly to her treaty with Poland, and that any act of aggression by Germany against Poland meant war at once. A few days later Mr. Chamberlain reiterated that there had been no change in the policy of his government, and would be none. Meanwhile Hitler sent an answer to British proposals for a conciliatory settlement, but the contents were not then divulged. Later it was asserted that Hitler, while professing continued friendship for England, and a willingness to negotiate peacefully, demanded:

The annexation of the Polish territory already repeatedly demanded.

An economic agreement with what would be left of Poland, amounting, Poles asserted, to an over-lordship.

The dispatch, by Poland, within 24 hours, of an emissary to Berlin to negotiate a settlement.

A reply by Britain, also, within 24 hours.

These demands were rejected by England. Poland prepared to send an emissary.

The next day, September 1, without waiting for Poland's emissary, the Reich made public its "16-point proposals" to Poland, which that country, Germany asserted, had summarily rejected. Summarized, these proposals were: The immediate return to Germany of the Free City of Danzig; a plebiscite to be held in the Corridor territory, to determine whether the inhabitants wished to be under German or Polish rule, all citizens who had resided there since January 1, 1918 to be entitled to vote; in case the plebiscite went to Poland, Germany should be allotted a zone for construction of auto and rail roads into East Prussia; in case the plebiscite should go to Germany, similar access to the sea should be granted Poland; the city of Gydinia should be exempted from the plebiscite, and Polish sovereignty over it was to be acknowledged; twelve months were to elapse before the plebiscite was to be held, and in the interim definite streets and railroads were to be assigned to Germany to assure it free access to East Prussia, and to Poland to assure it free access to the sea. Other proposals related to an exchange of populations, giving both Gydinia and Danzig the status of free cities, etc.

These proposals were firmly rejected by Poland, on the ground that under no conditions would she willingly yield a single inch of the territory, which, she considered, was Polish.

On September 1, without awaiting further negotiations, Danzig was seized by Albert Foerster, Nazi Chief of Staff in Danzig. The city's constitution was suspended, and the territory was accepted by Hitler as a part of the Reich.

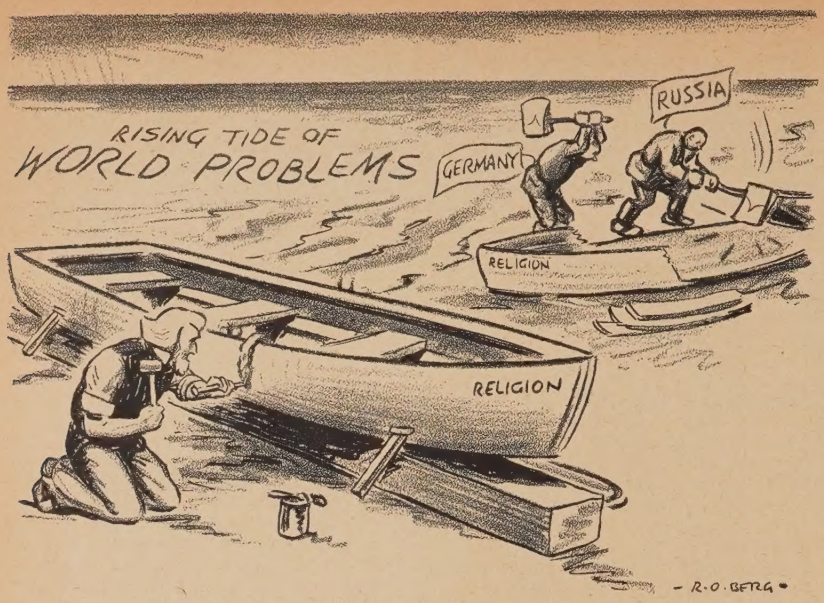
Early in the morning of Friday, September 1, Hitler issued a proclamation, announcing that the Polish nation had refused his offers. Therefore, he declared, no course was left to him but an immediate resort to arms.

On September 2, hostilities actually began. Germany blockaded the Polish port of Gydinia, and German troops began to move rapidly into Polish territory. England and France thereupon called upon Hitler to cease hostilities and begin direct negotiations with Poland, within a given time. No reply having been received within the specified time, the Allies, on Sunday, September 3, issued a formal declaration of war. England and France proceeded immediately to blockade Germany by placing warships across the Baltic, North, and Mediterranean seas.

Russia meanwhile had remained silent. Japan has notified Great Britain that she would take no part in the war. Italy, led of course by Mussolini, has remained aloof, and Il Duce and the Pope are urging an armistice. Since it appears now that German occupation of the whole of Poland will soon be an accomplished fact, that Hitler will certainly be unwilling to relinquish what he has gained, and that Britain and France will most certainly not agree to German seizure of Poland, the prospects for the success of the Italian-Vatican plan would appear to be slight, indeed.

PROGRESS OF HOSTILITIES: German advance into Poland has been swift. At this writing, the German armies have completely surrounded Warsaw, and there seems ground for the German claim that the fall of the city is a matter of hours—perhaps by the time you read this it will have fallen. The Poles, fighting bravely, are nevertheless, as Mr. Chamberlain himself acknowledged, "out-manned, out-gunned, and far outnumbered in the air." The hope of the Poles is that they may be able to make a stand and resist the further advance of the invaders until the French and British attack in the West can attain full force, thus compelling Germany to relax its pressure upon Poland. Whether they can accomplish that in time to help the Poles, is still uncertain at this writing.

Meanwhile, outside of Poland, important events have occurred



ONCE THERE WAS ANOTHER FLOOD

on the sea. The world was shocked by the news of the sinking of the British liner, *Athenia*, with 1400 passengers aboard, about three hundred of them being Americans. Since that first sinking, an increasing number of British and other merchant vessels are being sunk, and it seems evident that German submarines are once more active in the Atlantic.

Britain, meanwhile, clearly does not intend to "take it lying down." Mr. Chamberlain has expressly declared that England will attack German submarines without mercy. Several German merchant vessels have been seized or sunk, and the British believe that more than one German submarine has been destroyed by a depth bomb. German liners and merchant vessels have taken refuge in neutral ports. The great *Bremen* sailed from New York just before the declaration of war, ostensibly to slip back to Hamburg. Her actual destination and present whereabouts, however, remain a mystery; Germany has announced that the *Bremen* is "safe in a neutral port." The great French liner, *Normandie*, and the English *Queen Mary* are both still in New York at this writing, and have made, so far, no move toward sailing. Both are being repainted a neutral gray, however, and it is likely that an attempt will be made to use them in some way for war purposes. (Later—It has been announced by United Press that the Bremen has found refuge in one of Iceland's fjords.)

REPERCUSSIONS IN THIS COUNTRY: On September 5, President Roosevelt issued his Neutrality Proclamation, establishing the nation's neutrality under international law. Five hours later, the President signed a proclamation putting into effect the present neutrality law, thereby automatically halting shipment of arms to all belligerent countries. It is well known, however, that Mr. Roosevelt is anxious to secure a change in that act, repealing the mandatory arms embargo. While it is not as yet by any means certain that he will get his wish, it seems probable that he will, since there has been a revulsion of sentiment on the subject. Even so staunch a conservative and anti-administration Senator as Taft of Ohio, also Glass of Virginia, were quoted in the press as declaring that they now favor ending the embargo, and it seems likely that others will do the same. The papers, particularly those of the large cities, are almost unanimous in favor of the repeal. Probably the "cash and carry" plan will be the one adopted.

Other reminders that there is war across the water are the steps taken in our large cities to protect depots, railway terminals, bridges, subways and tunnels, by placing a strong police guard around all such vulnerable points; the desperate attempts of the State Department, and other authorities to send ships to Europe to rescue stranded Americans; extensive measures put into operation by the Federal Government to combat and prevent the activities of spies, especially along our coasts; and—a reminder that strikes home—the sudden jump upward in the price of commodities, notably sugar and flour. Those prices have not yet risen enough to warrant the charge of profiteering, and dealers apparently sense the harm that would result to their business if prices were boosted abnormally high. Such wholesalers as do attempt to raise prices abnormally high will find themselves swamped when the Federal Government begins to loosen the gates and free the enormous surpluses it has on hand.

Meantime some American industries seem likely to receive considerable increase of business because of the war. Airplane manufacturers, particularly, had not only sent to England and France thousands of completed planes before the embargo was proclaimed, but have on hand incomplete planes and orders for others amounting to several thousand more. They, naturally, favor the lifting of the embargo. The Pan-American Airways also seem destined to enjoy an increase in business. The line has announced that sailings of its Clipper ships to Europe will continue, and will be routed to include Bermuda, in the expectation that the British planes will be unable to continue transatlantic flights. Pan-American will also attempt to fall heir to German and French business in South America, which had grown to large proportions before war halted it. American export business, too, seems likely to benefit in South America, particularly in Argentina, whose barter arrangements with Germany will probably have to cease, since German shipping is endangered, and her industries will perforce be occupied in manufacturing war goods. Already inquiries and orders from Latin America for American goods are reported to be heavy, and Scandinavian customers of Germany are reported entering the market for American goods.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: France has begun her attack on Germany in the West, and reports that her armies have penetrated several miles within Reich territory, have invested the industrial city of Saarbrücken, and have almost reached the "Westwall," which is not a wall at all, but a series of forts connected by barriers and obstructions thirty miles deep. At this writing, a heavy artillery duel between French and Nazi armies is reported to be in progress. It must be kept in mind, however, that the famous Siegfried Line, Germany's supposedly impregnable line of defense on the Western border, is about twenty-five miles from the French border in the area, aproximately 100 miles long, where France is attacking. France's rapid advance, therefore, means little, and not until her armies have made actual contact with those of Germany will we be able to gauge the degree of success attending the French attach. France announces that she has attacked Saarbrücken, the German industrial city, but that, too, is west of the "Westwall." It is reported that Germany has rushed several divisions of troops to the Western front, and that is doubtless true. It seems apparent that Poland will, at least temporarily, have to suffer, and that the main land fighting of the war, just as in the last World War, will be in the West.

NATIONS ARE LINING UP: Slovakia was the first country to align itself actively with the Nazis. It is announced that the Slovak armies have already regained all the territory which Poland took from her last year, at the time of the Munich "appeasement." Egypt and Irak have declared for England, and the Aga Khan, head of 10,000,000 Moslems, has admonished his people to stand by England. Even the Palestine Jews have shown evidences of sympathy with the Allies. South Africa reversed the declaration of neutrality issued by the then Prime Minister Hertzog, has supplanted him with former Premier Smuts, and has declared her support of England. Canada has declared war on Germany, and will send munitions and trained airmen to England, but no expeditionary force at present. Latin American countries are beginning to declare their neutrality. It is too early yet to predict the eventual lineup.

MEXICO: Our next-door southern neighbor, Mexico, which has been supply-

ing Germany with immense quantities of oil on a barter system, has announced that hereafter she will sell oil only to those belligerents with whom she is "in sympathy." It is reported that she has already approached England and France with a view to substituting them as customers in Germany's place. So far, though, Mexico has not openly declared herself in favor of either side, and she will probably join the other Western Hemisphere nations in assuming an attitude of neutrality.

CONTRAST WITH 1914: To those of us in whom the memory of those fevered days at the outbreak of the War in 1914 is still vivid, the contrast with the first weeks of the present war is marked indeed. Who, old enough to remember 1914, does not recall the stock market panic and the closing of the Stock Exchange; the disastrous tumble in the prices of staple commodities, especially cotton (remember "buy a bale of cotton?"); and the serious plight of the thousands of American tourists and others caught in Europe without means of transportation back home? This time the stock market, instead of collapsing, is booming. So are commodities, wheat having jumped in price every day the full amount permitted by the Board of Trade rules, and other foodstuffs are rising daily; even cotton, whose future appeared more uncertain than any other, is rising in price steadily. A very large per cent of Americans in Europe were brought home before the war started; and while a good many remain, the State Department and the Maritime Commission are straining every facility and hastening arrangements for additional steamers to bring the last Americans back home.

The reason for this contrast is twofold. First, the whole world was prepared for the outbreak of war this time, while in 1914 it came with devastating unexpectedness. We have expected war so long that its coming surprised nobody. We were able, in consequence, to take time by the forelock to some extent, and get as many as possible of our nationals out of Europe before it started. The second reason is that we evidently learned a whole lot from our experiences twenty-five years ago. We remember how stocks, commodities and war materials skyrocketed in price after the first few weeks or months of pessimism; and there seems to be no reason why similar demand for our goods should not soon be in evidence again. In fact, it is already beginning to be in evidence. If we can prevent runaway profiteering, we shall probably experience that good which ever ill wind is expected to blow to somebody.

WAR RESOURCES BOARD: For a long time the War Department has had, in outline, a plan for the complete control and regulation of all industry during the War—if this country gets into it. Already, under an act passed by the last Congress, "practice maneuvers" have been held in various large industries, to acquaint the Government with their possibilities in the matter of output in case of war. And the President has appointed a War Industries Board, headed by Mr. Edward R. Stettinius of the Morgan Bank, and four other of our most prominent and successful business men, whose duty it will be to administer the War Industries Control measure, IF the United States does eventually get into the war. No such control has as yet been instituted, of course, but the machinery is in readiness, and should operate without that terrible confusion which so hampered our 1917 efforts.

FAR EAST: Recent events, as affecting Japan and China, have fluctuated to the apparent advantage of first one country and then the other. When the Russian-Nazi Pact was announced, it seemed a staggering blow to Japan—and still is, in the event that Russia should take it into her head to join China and attack Japan. Already, long before the present war was declared, determined, large-scale fighting with Russians on the Mongolian border had compelled Japan to withdraw large numbers of the best troops from China, with the consequent slowing up of the war in Chinese territory which has been so apparent for several months. Russia is still free to attack if and whenever she decides to do so. But the War in Europe has removed the danger of attack on Japan from England or France, and, far more important, will probably end, completely, the flow of war materials into China from the two democratic European countries. The consequences may well be disastrous to Chiang Kai-shek, unless Russian can step in and keep him supplied with munitions, or unless Congress lifts the embargo on arms, and also—which at one time seemed very probable—embargoes the shipment of arms to Japan. That would be a blow from which it would be extremely hard for Nippon to recover, since she has been obtaining the larger part of her war supplies from this country, and since her barter arrangement with Germany is now, of course, brought to an abrupt end. The outcome, therefore, is most uncertain, and until we see what Congress will do in the coming special session, and what steps Russia may take, in addition to what she has already done, we shall have to "wait and see."

AS WE GO TO PRESS: The President has called Congress into extra session, to convene Sept. 21. While his object is to secure changes in the Neutrality Act, it seems likely that a number of other measures will be introduced.

Russian troops have seized two areas in the present Poland—the Polish Ukraine, and the so-called "White Russia" district.

An exceedingly important meeting will be that of practically all the American countries, which will convene in Panama September 23. Questions of neutrality, protection and extension of trade, and like measures, will be, perforce, discussed.

Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden have been added to the British Cabinet—the former to the same post he formerly held.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor have returned to England, and the Duke will be assigned to some war post.

It is asserted that there is a distinct possibility that Tokyo, Moscow and Berlin will arrive at an accord. In that case, the position of the Allies would be much more serious indeed.

So would ours.

NOTE: This magazine will print, each month, a careful, impartial resumé of the course of the European War for the month previous, up to the time of going to press. While those events are completely covered by the daily press, we feel that a condensed summary which will enable our readers to get a clear, unified picture of the War, with events given only the emphasis which their importance seems to deserve, will be of value to all our readers.

CHURCH NEWS

LUTHERANS: The broadcast officially known as The Lutheran Hour, it is announced, will be resumed this fall, the first broadcast being given October 29 at 1:30-2:00 P.M., for stations east of the Mississippi, and 4:30-5:00 P.M. (both eastern standard time) for those west of the big river. The program will be heard every Sunday for twenty-six weeks. As before, the sermons of Dr. Walter A. Maier will be featured. So popular were these broadcasts last season, that Dr. Maier received over 133,000 letters, voicing approval.

A unique feature this season will be the operation of a Braille department, which will handle the letters of the many blind persons who have found comfort in the Lutheran hour. Dr. Maier's messages will also be translated into many foreign languages for distribution where the faithful cannot comprehend the English broadcast.

DISCIPLES' CONVENTION: The convention of the Disciples of Christ will be held this year in Richmond, Virginia, on

EARL BALDWIN OF BEWDLEY (STANLEY BALDWIN) FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND

What he says:

"A democrat should work for, and be prepared to die for his democratic ideals. He may not recognize easily those ideals; he certainly cannot express them, but the Bible reading of his ancestors has left so deep a mark on him that subconsciously he can never embrace a cause that grips his whole being unless he feels that it is morally right."

October 19-25. Dr. Roger T. Nooe, of the Vine Street church in Nashville, Tennessee, is president of the International Convention. He has announced the appointment of a number of committees.

METHODISTS: A joint Methodist missionary conference, meeting at Lake Junalaska, North Carolina, this summer, adopted a resolution calling on the national administration to "halt the shipping of United States munitions and war materials to Japan." This, by the way, seems to be the overwhelming sentiment of the country, as evidenced by the Gallup poll, showing 82 per cent of U. S. citizens favoring such an embargo. . . . Speaking on the Church's opportunity in the city, Dr. Frederick B. Newell, of New York City, secretary of the City Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, declares that "the transformation of the great masses of underprivileged people is the hope of America," and that "religion must reach into the underprivileged areas and redeem them for the salvation of America and of the world. . . . The worst enemy the Church has in America," Dr. Newell asserts, "is the new theory that if one has enough ice boxes and security there is no need of God. In the suburban areas there is a large group who have substituted literature, music, the movies, and the like for religion."

BAPTISTS: Our September issue was made up before the great Baptist Convention met in Atlanta late in July, therefore this is our first opportunity to mention this mighty gathering. To give the great meeting its proper title, it was the Congress of the Baptist World Alliance; its delegates represented a membership of over 12,000,000 Baptists in all parts of the world. Over fifty thousand Baptists, from all over the globe, gathered on this occasion. The meeting was characterized, even in the secular daily press, as one of the most important gatherings of Christians held in this century; its influence, not only upon Baptists, but upon all other denominations, cannot help but be very great. World-renowned leaders of all shades of Baptist belief were heard in the discussions. Space prevents a full account in this column, but the denominational organs and the daily papers gave it a great deal of space, and you are recommended to consult them—you will be repaid.

AMSTERDAM CONFERENCE: Another vastly important gathering was the World Conference of Christian Youth, which met in Amsterdam, Holland, also late in July—too late to get notice in an earlier issue of *Christian Herald*. The large and representative attendance—nearly seventy countries were represented—demonstrated that Christian unity is possible. This was the first large-scale gathering of Christian youth. The Conference is part of the remarkable succession of ecumenical gatherings such as those at Oxford and Madras. As one speaker said, "we come together, not because we are young, but because we are constrained to do so by our Lord Jesus Christ and His victory over the world."

As the roll of delegations was called, noteworthy applause greeted the names of Poland, Rumania, China and Japan—the crisis countries.

By far the largest single delegation was that from the United States, which numbered nearly four hundred. Asia sent 115, Australia 45, Africa 25. Thirty came from China, 25 from Japan, and these two nations met in the friendliest spirit around the Conference tables. There were 25 delegates from eight countries of South America. Great Britain and Ireland sent 210.

With visitors, official and unofficial, more than 1500 young people took places at the opening session, according to their 70 or more nations.

MEN AND MISSIONS: Sponsored by the Laymen's Missionary Movement, laymen in over 1500 Protestant churches throughout the nation will be reminded of their responsibility toward world missions, on the ninth annual observance of

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, FAMOUS PASTOR OF RIVERSIDE CHURCH, NEW YORK

What he says:

"We are going to run from one social disappointment into another until we see that behind all outward evils there is a need in human nature that only a profound spiritual renewal can cure."

Men and Missions Sunday, November 19th. The theme for this year's observance is found in John 10:10—"I am come that they might have life." It is suggested that every pastor invite a layman of his own choice to give a four-minute talk preceding the regular sermon on that day. A Manual containing fresh material on the theme, and kindred topics, is available to interested persons. Copies will be forwarded to any address on receipt of postage, by the Laymen's Missionary Movement, 19 South Lasalle Street, Chicago.

FIRST AMERICAN BIBLE: The first Bible printed in America, strange as it may seem, was in an Indian language. This was in 1663, and it was not until 1782, 119 years later, that the first English Bible was printed in America, according to a statement issued by the Baptist Board of Publication. Previous to that year, all our Bibles were imported from England.

PRESBYTERIANS: Dr. William Barrow Pugh, Stated Clerk of the General Assembly, reports increases in both Sunday School and church membership in his denomination for the past year. The total communicant membership of the church is now 1,978,095, an increase of 24,361 over last year. The Sunday School membership totals 1,495,038, an increase of 11,847 for the same period. Contributions, however, decreased by $648,828, for the 8,794 churches reporting.

PREACHING MISSION: The Preaching Mission, or rather the National Christian Mission, to give its proper designation, seems to have become an established, permanent institution. Kansas City has been chosen as the city in which the 1940 Mission will hold its first session, Sept. 29—Oct. 6 of next year. The preaching team will consist of twenty-five to forty religious leaders, and in all twenty cities will be visited. According to Dr. Jesse M. Bader, national director of the mission, the team will visit each city eight days, instead of four, as in previous years. A new method of evangelism will be tried, intended to reach the masses who are not habitual church-goers. To this end, churchmen who are familiar with such fields as labor, social work, student work, service clubs, women's clubs, and the profession groups, will speak to men and women in the fields with which they are best acquainted.

WALL STREET AND RELIGION: In the popular mind, Wall Street typifies everything hard-boiled and unsentimental. It comes with a pleasant shock of surprise, therefore, to read the following paragraph in the chief organ of the stock market—money-above-all-else group, the "Wall Street Journal":

"What America needs more than railway extension, western irrigation, a low tariff, a bigger cotton crop, or a larger wheat crop, is a revival of religion. The kind that father and mother used to have. A religion that counted it good business to take time for family worship each morning, right in the middle of the wheat harvest. A religion that prompted them to quit work a half hour earlier on Wednesday, so that the whole family could get ready to go to prayer meeting."

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, TOO— Chambers of Commerce also are considered bodies strictly devoted to business, and without sentimental delusions. Yet the New York Chamber, in a report issued by its Committee on Economical and Efficient Education asserts that the primary need of the State's educational system is a "deep, true religious understanding and viewpoint. . . . The State, in its necessity to produce able, well-developed citizens, must not hesitate to supply to the youngsters as much as possible of what is missing in their home and church influences. This committee is convinced that the great lack in our homes and in our national life is the lack of true, simple religion. . . . The United States cannot maintain a right system unless it is based on true religious principles; and therefore, in spite

of the fact that some hesitate to include religion in our educational program, *we place it first.*"

An impressive statement, especially coming from such a body.

Also significant is the result of a survey of the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce, showing that of its 110,000 members, 82 percent are church members.

TEMPERANCE

THE BOON (?) OF BEER: Brewers have far overstepped themselves in recent advertising and publicity claims of beer's benefits to farm, labor, schools and taxes, according to the Research Department of the W.C.T.U., Evanston, Illinois. Even if they have created a market for over 3,000,000 acres of farm products, what of it? Last year over 341,000,000 acres were used for production, so less than nine-tenths of one per cent of farm acreage was required for the needs of the brewing industry.

The brewers' claim that they have created jobs for a million men in 100 industries sounds strange in the face of the fact that there are as many men unemployed today as in 1933.

As to taxes, for every dollar of taxes paid by beer to the various governments, the beer industry extracted $5.50 from each person. The per capita cost of beer, last year, was $16.60 for every individual in the United States—about $68.08 for every family.

What a boon beer is—not.

TOTAL BOOZE BILL: Recent statistics indicate that the total liquor bill of this nation last year, including both beer and stronger liquors, was $5,000,000,000. (Count that on your fingers.) This was not far from fifty per cent of the country's total food bill. For education we spent $15.33 per capita, but for booze $38.68 per capita. How long do you suppose we can stand that?

METHODISTS VS. LIQUOR: That the Methodist Church is against the liquor traffic is hardly news. But a more militant note was injected into Methodist temperance activity this summer with the announcement that the Methodists who had fought the battles of temperance in pre-prohibition days—editors, lecturers, pastors and laymen—will be rallied once more by the reorganized Board of Temperance of the United Church in a nation-wide temperance drive. Bishop Hoyt M. Dobbs, of Shreveport, Louisiana said: "The Methodist Church, in the reorganization of its Board of Temperance at the Uniting Conference, now serves notice that a new agitation, a new education, and a new legislation against the liquor traffic has begun. We are in the fight to stay until this whole devilish business of making and selling liquor is destroyed."

ALABAMA IS ANGRY: Thousands of citizens of Alabama, outraged by the brazen invasion of their state by the liquor interests since the latter's legislative victory several months ago, are surprising politicians by a rapidly growing demand for a new state prohibition movement. Twice in two years Alabama voters registered state-wide majorities for retention of the Prohibition Law. Despite that, the legislature voted to legalize liquor through the medium of local option, thus making a number of cities and counties wet. Grand Juries in nineteen cities and twenty-five counties have denounced the State Liquor Control Law as a failure, and have voiced alarm at the notable increases in crime, juvenile delinquency, bootlegging, gambling, prostitution, drunken driving and other evils resulting from throwing the state open to the sale of booze. Aroused citizens have begun a new movement to drive legalized liquor from Alabama.

And they sound as if they mean business!

BOOZE IN WASHINGTON: The following table was furnished by the Police Department of the City of Washington:

Year	*Charge*	*Male*	*Female*
1932	Drinking in Public Places	167	4
	Driving While Drunk	252	13
	Drunk in Public Places	14,269	104
1938	Drinking in Public Places	174	8
	Driving While Drunk	363	11
	Drunk in Public Places	16,778	1,465

If that isn't progressing backwards, what is it?

WINE DRINKERS: A consumer survey conducted by the Eastern Wine Corporation, indicates that men drink more wine than women; that wine drinkers generally earn less than $1200 a year; and that wine bought by Americans is not used for home consumption, since women are buyers for the home.

"Look, Pop! It's a Homer!"

Not last week's game; not something that happened yesterday; not even a minute ago. But *right now!* Seeing things—miles away—at the very instant they happen! That's the new thrill that television now makes possible.

BUT television is destined to do more than this for us. The foundation is laid for a whole new industry—careers for artists; jobs for hundreds of engineers and thousands of skilled workmen making television transmitters and receivers; jobs for thousands more selling and servicing this new product and providing the raw materials required. These are important possibilities of television.

For more than 60 years, General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen have been finding new ways for electricity to serve the public—in factory, farm, and home. The new products and services made possible by their work have helped to produce the steady rise in the living standards of the American people.

And *right now* as television emerges from the laboratory to take its place among the accomplished marvels of this age of electricity, these G-E pioneers are once again creating, not only "More Goods for More People at Less Cost," but also MORE AND BETTER JOBS AT HIGHER WAGES.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

90-170[illegible]

The Simple Ways

By

CHARLES
HANSON
TOWNE

The simple ways are best;
That heart is happiest,
That spirit is thrice blest
  That seeks no wide renown.
Better the quiet ways,
Devoid of fame or praise,
Where gladly run the days
  Far from the noisy town.

For there the Word is bright
At dawn or candlelight,
Or in the hush of night,
  Or with the Sabbath calm.
The healing Gospel grows,
As every seeker knows,
Within the crimson rose,
  And spreads its soothing balm.

In every roadside flower
It speaks with trembling power;
In every silent hour
  The Message whispers plain.
The voice of God is heard
In every singing bird,
And when you speak His Word
  It comes to earth again.

October 1939

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1878

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

Above, the author as a youth, and, right, as he appears today

FORTY YEARS A Country Preacher

By George B. Gilbert

The first instalment of the serial which is already the most talked-of story of the year, and promises to be one of the most popular features we have ever published

I. MY EARLY YEARS

"IT WOULDN'T hurt him to come down here and just say 'hello' to us anyway," is what I remember saying to my brother, as we were cocking up hay down in the witch-grass lot south of the house on the old farm in Vermont. You see, the minister had come to call that afternoon—call on the inside of the house but not on the farm. He used to announce on the previous Sunday what roads he might be expected to traverse that week, even to the very day.

What preparations were made for his coming! The whole house was in a perfect fury of flutter. First, we boys went around to see if the front door would open, as it was practically never opened on any other occasion, and it might well stick. Then the hall and stairway were scrubbed and cleaned; and, likewise, the parlor with much rearranging of furniture; and lastly, the dining room. No other rooms needed to be touched as these, and these only, were ever blessed with his august presence. Although it seemed to be well understood that he would stay to supper, and therefore wouldn't arrive before around four o'clock, yet, to make sure, one of the women folks was rushed upstairs to get dressed up immediately after dinner. Even if she were sitting in the parlor waiting and saw the minister approaching far down the road, she wouldn't stir toward the door till he had placed both feet firmly on the big stone step, one hand flat against the side of the house and had given a terrific reef on a small knob that connected with an intricate system of pulleys and wires with a sort of mighty gong up against the ceiling. We boys always hoped the old rusty wire would break as he gave it a supreme yank.

As for the supper—what a time! We boys never came near the house unless summoned to scour the barn for more eggs or to get kindlings to make a roaring hot fire. This we gladly did, as we

might get a whiff of those wonderful rolls mother would be making, or hear a note of tearful wailing over a fallen cake.

"It wouldn't hurt, it wouldn't hurt the minister a bit," I thought, "to come out to the barn. I'd like to be a minister sometime. I wouldn't hang around in the house. I'd go out around the barn and down in the lot where the boys are and give 'em a lift."

It was about this time, too, that a minister said something to me that made me perfectly furious. We had an old cornstalk cutter on the farm. You turned a crank and with its curved knives it drew the stalks in by itself, if you started them, and the pieces would come off with a snap and pop and fly out onto the barn floor. Father had told me we must never use it, for fear we should get cut. It was, however, a terrible temptation; so, one day, I just tried one little stalk. Before I knew it, one finger had been drawn in and was cut nearly off. A thrashing was inevitable, but father prided himself on his first-aid ability and I think his joy in putting on the splints and tying them with a piece of sheeting made him forget the punishment I had expected—for which he was always prepared like the boy who wired his mother that he had flunked all his exams; "Please prepare father." He got a wire right back, "Father is prepared. Prepare yourself."

The next Sunday, however, I came back from the family pew toward the stove where the minister stood. He spied the rag on my finger. "Ah," he said, "I heard you cut your finger. Disobeyed your parent I understand." I just can't describe how cut, how hurt, and down-right mad I was. Funny enough, the more I saw in ministers that I didn't like, the more I kept deciding I wanted to become one.

I don't recall that I disliked going to church; in fact, I think we all liked to go. As a matter of fact, we practically never went anywhere or had anywhere else to go. Everybody always went, of course. There were no ifs or ands about it. In the winter we would often take the big two-horse sled. We boys—my brother and I—would clean it out, which it often needed, as it was an all-purpose affair, and put wheat straw on the floor, seats across, and such horse blankets and robes as could be found. Such mortification as I had from riding in this sled came from the ends of the traces or "tugs" as we always called them. There would be about a foot of loose chain on each one and how they would rattle going through the village! This, on a Sunday, so mortified me that I used to try to tie these ends up to the tug with strings.

My ecclesiastical career was begun in a little country Episcopal church where I was the organ blower. For this, I generally received a Christmas present in the form of a jack-knife. Once, when I had been sick, my substitute got one and declared with a loud voice that "it looked like one of Fargo's ten-centers." One could stay inside of the organ all the time, sitting on the edge of the window sill in a little narrow cubby-hole, or, in below zero weather, one could slip out and sit in an alcove by the door—ready to dash in at any moment. If we stayed in, we didn't have to look as though we enjoyed the sermon; instead, we could write on the plastering. I remember, at one time, those old-fashioned so-called "ink pencils". There was no ink in them, but you pressed on one end and it opened its mouth on the other and let out a large, blue lead upon which it would forthwith shut its teeth. How I longed—yes, ached—for one of those pencils. I didn't dare mention it as a hint for Christmas, for they cost twenty-five cents. After much thought, at last with great courage, I wrote on the plaster, "I think I ought to have an ink pencil for this." I need not have trembled in my boots for such boldness, for no one ever saw it, or at least acted upon it. But the memory of this has ever kept before me the thought of how much a child can actually pine away for something that the other children have.

From organ blower I was promoted to bell ringer—some times even doing both, in which case I had to dash from the rear church gallery, after the final tolling, down the stairs, up the whole length of the church and into the organ hole as a rat would dash from the top of a corn crib to its burrow under the henhouse.

As I recall it, we never had much of a Sunday School, if any, in this Episcopal Church. Of course there weren't many children anyway, and then what would the grownups have done? For no one dreamed of a grownup class, and still less, for the most part, did anyone dream of any of the grownups being in a class if they had had one. Not that they weren't just as good as the others about town, but they sort of kept their religion to themselves. Although I attended Sunday School for a while in a Congregational Church and taught at one time in a Methodist Church, I still think that one should attend church from childhood up, as has always been the case with our children. The church that has been written up as the "Best Known Church in America" may start up a school next fall, but I don't want to hurry them, for it has been now only twenty-nine years since it had one.

I must say right here that the utter delight and joy we had around Christmas time in the old church has been an influence in my Christmas doings during my ministry. It fell to our lot to get the greens for trimming from the woods, with one of us going out to get hemlock for wreaths and spruce for trees, while the other went out for rabbit tracks. Then we would go up and pick off the hemlock twigs in the evenings, and bring them down for the women to wind. The

Facing page, top, the church where the preacher pumped the organ. Below, left, Mr. Gilbert as a child, and, right, as a lad of 13. On this page, above, Mr. Gilbert's father before their home in Randolph Center, Vermont

Christmas Eve Service was the event of the year to us boys. Everyone of them was such, even though the specially built chandelier caught fire only once (at which time the local paper said I coolly removed it from the building), and the big ten inch stove pipe up near the chancel only came down once badly disrupting the sermon.

As I said, church going was a family affair, but father would generally begin by the middle of the week to talk about things he would have to do on Sunday—anywhere from mending a bridle blinder to clipping the horses' fetlocks. This would get mother all stirred up, when of course father had no idea of not going all the time. He was great on education, having taught school himself and having been on the school board for many, many years. We had a blackboard right in the big old dining room, and woe be to the boy that disturbed father while he was reading the old *New York Sun*, after having ordered us to the blackboard to do some "figgers." His favorite example was to divide one ten thousandth (decimally) by one one-hundred thousandth. Arithmetic always came easy to me, and so one night when he was rather upset by the ease with which I got the answers, he ordered me to bring a book and read aloud to him. I did so dreadfully, he sprang out of his chair and rushed out into the kitchen to tell my mother that, as sad as it may seem, he had discovered there was one fool in the family. Whereupon a cousin school teacher much older than I, who lived with us, took me over in the shadow of the big wood box and had me read to her. I got along much better with her than with father, who had me scared to death.

Father was great for having a town school gathering once a year. In the winter, he had all the elementary schools come together. There was a spelling bee with children standing in a row clear around the hall. I remember the teacher gave out the words while father came along behind him as sort of an umpire. "Pursue," said the man as he looked at me. I hesitated a bit and father undertook to help me understand its meaning. "A father pursues after his son," said my father. Heaven knows, we knew better than to court utter destruction by running but even at that the vision of an irate father after his son did not help me to spell the word. "Persue," I said, and took my seat in disgrace. There were visions of the home blackboard that night. Once, I really did spell down my school, but most of the scholars were absent that day.

Along with that schooling in books, I was getting an invaluable education from living on a farm. What a help this education has been to me all these years! While a man can do work in a country church without having lived on a farm, I will say that without this practical education he is dreadfully handicapped. I always loved the animals, and my younger sister and I spent much of our spare time in the winter training calves to drag us around on our sleds. There was one black and white heifer we could drive anywhere. Years later, when our black and white favorite was a cow, father undertook to lead her with others to a pasture down the road. He had a terrible time with her and at last gave it up. He rushed into the house dripping with sweat and in a very nervous state, to put it mildly. While he was trying to calm himself, I took a sneak to the barn. Imagine father's surprise to see me driving the recalcitrant cow down the road with a horse's bridle on her head and the reins through a saddle on her back.

Some time ago, I saw where a poll was made of many ministers, asking them where they got their religion. Their answers were illuminating and corresponded almost exactly with my own experience. They all said they got it sitting quietly in church during the church service. I should say that that part of the service which had the deepest effect upon me was the sincerity and devotion shown in the voice of my mother. It seems to me as if I can hear her voice responding in the Litany as clearly today as I did fifty or sixty years ago. I cannot emphasize too strongly my belief in having children absorb religion in a reverent and Christian atmosphere. The substitution of Sunday School for whole family church attendance is fast wrecking our churches. I remember once, when I was a very small boy, old Bishop Bissell came. His long, snow-white hair hung to his shoulders, and he sat in a chair while he preached. His text was "And When Thou Hast Shut The Door," and I can recall much of what he said to this day. We didn't have *(Continued on page 44)*

WANTED:

By

"You big sissy!" he sneered. Alta drew herself up to her full five feet three. She glared at him. "I shall report you!"

Illustrator Dorothy Green

ALTA ALLINSON stepped into the crowded *Greater Chicago* bus and extended a quarter to the driver.

"Pay as you leave, Miss," the young man informed her.

He was blond and broad-shouldered, his blue uniform fitting him as nattily as any naval officer's. Odd, Alta mused, how such a young, good-looking man could choose a menial job like driving a bus. Ah well, she decided, maybe he was caught in a web of circumstances just as she was.

Alta sat down on the double seat behind the driver, the only seat available on that crowded vehicle. Tears of self-pity welled hotly in her eyes. After all her dreams of becoming a great artist, here she was driving to town on a seven-thirty bus with just a lot of ordinary office workers and store hands. Two more tears rolled down her cheeks and Alta sniffed audibly.

The bus was fairly crawling now, halting at last at an intersection on Franklin street where a bridge was up and a funny boat sailed slowly down Chicago River to the Lake, its whistle sounding high and thin, as if it were badly frightened. Like me, thought Alta.

The door opened and a woman stepped into the bus, settling herself in the seat beside the morose young job-seeker. They rumbled on, then the woman who had taken the seat beside her, put out her hand.

"Isn't this Miss Allinson?"

Alta looked up and recognized Mrs. Culkin, the fitter in the *Grey Shop* where Mother purchased all her frocks.

"How do you do, Mrs. Culkin," she said politely.

"Oh, Miss Allinson!" The fitter dropped her voice perceptibly. "I was so dreadfully shocked to hear your father lost all his money with that chemical company. I suppose that means you'll have to give up your art?"

"Yes." Alta's large brown eyes took on a tragic expression.

"It's too bad," Mrs. Culkin murmured comfortingly.

An Enemy

Irma Hegel

Alta dabbed at her eyes. "I feel as if my life were ruined forever," she blubbered.

"Now, now, dear," the fitter interposed. "Maybe your father will get some of his money back."

"No—" Alta choked. "It's gone."

"My, my, my, it is too bad. I am *so* sorry. Are you—" Mrs. Culkin coughed nervously "—going to work, dear?"

"Yes, Uncle Tim suggested I work for the *Greater Chicago* company that runs these buses. I loathe the work already." Alta's fair patrician face grew stormy.

"My, my, my," the older woman purred. "Well, dear, excuse me—the next one is my corner. I'm to stop at a customer's before I report at the shop. Don't you worry now—things will work out all right; they always do."

And Mrs. Culkin rose, leaving a scent of expensive French talcum and perfume (probably copied from a customer,) behind her.

"Things will work out," Alta mumbled angrily to herself. "That's what they all say and they make me sick."

The bus reached the broad clean spaciousness of Michigan Boulevard with the skyscrapers standing in long splendid lines and the automobiles going up and down in an endless procession. A feeling of dignity and grandeur was in the very air.

Alta rang the bell, rose and extended her quarter to the driver, the young man taking it and handing her three tokens in exchange. Then looking briefly at his passenger he said low, yet audibly:

"You big sissy!"

Alta drew herself up to her full five foot three. She glared at him. "I shall report you."

"Go ahead!" the driver goaded her, his blue eyes looking squarely in hers.

"Lady, will you please move? We gotta get out!" a fat man puffed behind her.

Alta moved haughtily down the steps of the bus and out to the street. *A sissy!* So he had overheard her conversation with Mrs. Culkin, had he, and he had given his verdict. Who cared about his verdict anyway? Who cared what just a common bus driver thought? Fire in her large brown eyes, fire blazing on her thin patrician face, Alta stalked a half block up Michigan Boulevard and entered the office of the *Greater Chicago* Bus Company.

"I am Alta Allinson," she told the redhaired girl at the switchboard. "I am to work here."

"Yes, Miss Allinson." The redhaired girl smiled in a friendly way, nodding back toward a large office cluttered with desks and filing cabinets and young ladies. "You're to take desk four, back of that tall woman with the glasses—see? That's Miss Brush; she'll give you your instructions."

The redhaired girl smiled again—and there was something warming and heartening about her smile. "I'm glad you don't look frightened," she said. "I was scared pink when I started to work here the first time."

Alta's rigid face relaxed a little. She managed a one-sided grin. "You're nice to tell me that."

"My name's Maggie Sheehan." The girl leaned over eagerly. "You can call me 'Maggie' if you like."

"Thanks, Maggie." Alta walked on into the office and straight to the desk of the tall, pencil-like Miss Brush. Ten minutes later, the instructions given, she was at desk four, making stencil copies of out-of-town schedules.

The day was hectic, full of embarrassing errors and stupid blunders yet it dragged to a close somehow. At five-thirty Alta steeled herself for the bus driver. But, though the West Side bus rolled along at exactly the half hour, the impudent blue-eyed driver was not in the chauffeur's seat. Alta relaxed. I'll get up half an hour earlier tomorrow morning and get the seven bus, she decided.

But to make a resolution at night is an entirely different story from carrying it into execution the next morning. One's bed can be so comfortable at six-thirty and then it does take a good ten minutes to pat a finger wave in place and another ten minutes to glance through the society section of the morning paper and—anyway, Alta caught the seven-thirty bus and not the seven.

The blue-eyed driver was in his seat, his cap pulled low. He cocked one brow in a mocking manner.

"I didn't expect to see you," he said.

"Who cares what you expect or do not expect," Alta snapped, adding scorchingly: "Today I shall report you. I work for the company who employs you."

"You won't work there long," the young man said laconically, adding: "No sissy can."

The bus jerked on and Alta flopped down on the nearest seat. She fairly sizzled the whole way in and she did not care who saw her or who knew it. I shall, she resolved, get one of the really big jobs in that bus company if it is only for the purely personal pleasure of discharging that driver.

They reached Michigan Boulevard and the rows of ornate skyscrapers. Alta threw her token into the box, her high-bridged nose stuck up in the air as far as it would go.

"Nose down," the blue-eyed driver told her soberly. "Watch your step, Miss."

In the office that day, Alta worked like a fury, typing till her shoulders and her arms ached and her eyes felt drily taut with weariness. All this work won't get me anything, she thought; these other girls around me are working just as hard. I'll have to do something unusual to attract attention.

At night, on the five-thirty bus, she watched keenly everything about the green-and-yellow vehicle.

"Is this the West Side bus?" a woman called as the big car halted at the Franklin street birdge.

That was the fourth time she had heard that query, Alta reflected. No wonder. The sign on the bus was too small, too obscure. A person with poor eyesight—and so many suffered that failing—simply could not read it. Alta brightened. That was an idea! A new sign for buses—something that could be clearly seen and yet be attractive.

At home, no sooner was dinner over, than she went at once to her room and got out all her old paints and art materials. She worked long and tirelessly. She was still working when her father peeked into her room at eleven-thirty.

"Hi, Puss," he said, "isn't it about time you turned in? What's that you have there—*paints?* I thought you'd given that up."

Alta kissed the tip of her father's nose. "You can't give up what you love, Dad. It's part of you and somehow that part finds expression no matter what your occupation might be."

Mr. Allinson nodded understandingly. "I guess you're right, Puss, but—don't you overwork yourself."

"I've got to make the grade, Dad." Alta's brown eyes burned with passionate desire.

"Now, now, we won't always be financially embarrassed and Mother and I don't care—"

"It isn't for you and Mother," Alta interrupted hotly. "I've got to show someone—a horrid nasty person—but I've got to show him."

"A—*him?*" Dad was smiling.

"Don't think I'm sentimentally inclined," Alta sputtered. "My one desire is to see him discharged."

"Tsk! Tsk!" said Dad and closed the door on her angry outburst.

It took Alta a week to get her sign in readiness, a whole week in which she endured the sarcastic smile of the blue-eyed bus driver together with his caustic daily comment.

Then came the day in which she took her sign in to Mr. Clifford, the general manager. Mr. Clifford studied the placard with its white letters on black, letters that stood out and appeared three times larger than the signs that were being used on the buses although the letters were the identical size.

"Who did this?" Mr. Clifford squinted curiously through his glasses.

"I did," Alta answered.

"Are you an artist?"

"I studied one year at the Institute. Do you—like it, Mr. Clifford?"

"I like it so much, Miss Allinson that I'm taking that sign to the president, Mr. Nim. By the way, Miss Allinson—you're coming to my office today. Miss Bradley, my secretary, is getting married and I think you'll find more opportunity for advancement here than in the general office."

Next morning, Alta waited eagerly for the bus. Now she'd have a thing or two to tell that driver. But the blue-eyed chauffeur was not at the wheel. In his place was a swarthy middle-aged man who did not look in the least like a naval officer although he wore the identical uniform.

At the bus company, Alta sought the advice of redhaired Maggie Sheehan. She leaned over the switchboard operator's desk.

"Maggie, where do you find out about bus drivers? There's one on my route—"

"Ha!" said Maggie, her roguish eyes twinkling. "Is it your heart you've lost?"

"Don't be silly," Alta retorted. "This driver has been impudent."

Maggie was still smiling. "What bus is it, Alta darlin'? I know most all the lads on that West Side route."

"It's Bus Four—"

"What? Why that's Michael O'Malley —he's my uncle—faith, *he* wouldn't be impudent!"

Alta bent forward. "Has your uncle blue eyes and a figure like a naval officer's and—"

Maggie laughed outright. "Michael O'Malley is short and fat and baldheaded." She wagged her index finger in a gesture of dismissal. "We'll be havin' lunch together, Miss Alta, and then you'd best tell me everything about this blue-eyed bus-driver of yours."

That noon, over creamed chicken sandwiches and chocolate malted milk, Alta told Maggie everything that had happened, the redhaired operator listening intently to the whole story.

"You see," Alta concluded. "I've got to get back at him—he must be punished."

"Why?" Maggie frowned. "He did you a good turn, just as all our enemies do."

"Are you crazy?" Alta demanded.

The switchboard operator shook her red head solemnly. "I'm older than you are, Alta Allinson, and I've had a whole lot more to endure. I've learned this and someday you're goin' to learn it too. We need folks who poke fun at us, sneer at us and say nasty things to our faces because—don't you see?—the friends who are forever sympathizin' and praisin' us —well, they make us softies and the world hasn't any use for softies in this day. Listen, me darlin'—it takes two currents, a positive and a negative to start the battery in a bus; I'm thinkin' it takes two people, a friend and an enemy to start a human bein'."

Alta twisted her straw in her empty glass. "I never thought of it that way, Maggie, but it does make sense. I wouldn't really be Mr. Clifford's secretary now if—if—maybe I'd better thank this bus driver if ever I see him again."

"That would be the better policy," Maggie said soberly.

Back in Mr. Clifford's office, Alta studied a new allotment of advertising copy. It was interesting and Alta was soon absorbed in color combinations, new lay-outs and type. She looked up suddenly to see a blond man in the uniform of a bus driver striding into the office of Mr. Nim, the president of the company.

"Oh!" Alta exclaimed. "That was he!"

"Was who?" the spectacled Mr. Clifford demanded entering the office at that moment.

"The impudent bus driver—"

Mr. Clifford chuckled. "If he was impudent, he's the only one of our company who'd dare to be. That was Mr. Nim's nephew, Don. He'll own the *Greater Chicago* Bus Company someday. At the present time, he's taking a different bus route every week, getting firsthand information on buses and passengers. But you said he was impudent, Miss Allinson; I can't understand that. Why Mr. Don was the one who most heartily endorsed your new sign for the buses. Before that, he recommended you to this office."

Alta sighed deeply. She was just beginning to understand.

"I see," she said quietly. "Mr. Nim was a friend all the while. Now I'll have to look for an enemy for I couldn't possibly do without an enemy again."

Mr. Clifford stared at his secretary. "Miss Allinson, I don't understand you."

"You'll have to ask Maggie Sheehan," said Alta, smiling. "She knows all about friends and enemies, positives and negatives that start a current and produce action. I've just discovered how very right she is."

She looked up suddenly to see a blond man in the uniform of a bus driver striding boldly into the office of Mr. Nim, the president of the company

☆

CARES

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

I gathered all the sorrows,
The doubtings and the fears,
That ever dogged my footsteps,
The while I climbed the years,
And, binding them together,
When night walked on the deep,
I gave them to the waters
To keep.

There were no ghosts to haunt me,
As I walked in the dawn,
And laughter came with solace
For grieving that was gone,
But, when the long day ended,
I knelt and begged the sea
To give what I had given
To me.

The weary day had taught me
What gray men ever know,
That there can be no gladness,
Unless our hearts find woe,
And, as the waters hearkened
To my despairing cry,
I learned that God was wiser
Than I.

By

FRANK
S. MEAD

INDIA
SHOWS THE WAY

This short but significant article on Christian work among the youth of India was written this summer while the author stopped in that country on a trip around the world

IN MY home town we had seven Protestant churches for twelve hundred people, and seven Protestant young people's societies for a lot less than twelve hundred young people. I've forgotten the names of most of those societies; it doesn't matter. We had one public school for the whole town, and it was a Grade-A school. Naturally. All the educational resources of the community were concentrated in the one plant.

That division of Protestant effort never seemed anything but right to the older folks. Things had always been like that, for them, and if truth be said there were some good angles to the idea. There was a religious freedom par excellence, and that's never bad. Perhaps, though, there was evil even in that, for we were all so free that we went off in all sorts of directions, and seldom if ever pooled our energies or resources to get anything done. The young folks saw that, and they didn't quite like it; they were, as young people always are, born objectors.

These young people's societies plodded along, "doing the best they could under the circumstances." How I loathe that phrase! We create our own circumstances in this world, just as Napoleon "created his own opportunities." We never had joint meetings of the groups; we were a bit suspicious of each other; we thought one society was trying to get the other's members. We longed for something better; we knew that our weaknesses came out of our divisions. And divided, more than one of those societies almost fell into collapse.

I've seen that happen all over the United States; as a piece for the record, I've seen it all over the world. There have been times when I thought the situation was hopeless; that we must always go on like this, divided and inefficient. But this morning a letter came to my desk that made me feel as David felt when he "leaped and sang and danced and praised the Lord." It is a letter from Vere Abbey, General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor of India. It reads: "Just a bit of good news. The Methodist Episcopal Church, with nearly 500,000 members in India and with 60,000 young people in their schools and colleges, as an earnest of the inheritance of organic Church Union and in a desire to strengthen the work among youth in the churches of India, voted to unite the Epworth Leagues with the Christian Endeavor Movement. . . . We rejoice in this evidence of the growing desire on the part of church leaders in India, Burma and Ceylon that 'We may all be one.' Sincerely. . . ."

"Just a bit of good news" hardly describes it. This is the biggest young-people's news in the last fifty-eight years. Sixty thousand young people, at one swoop! The glorious thing about it is that they wanted this, that their leaders wanted it. Behind this merger are long, long efforts by such men as Bishop Pickett and Stanley Jones, and Ralph Templin who need no introduction. They know what must be done if the youth of India is to be won for Christ. Such men do not leap on impulse; they ponder and plan, and then act.

And think of another angle; this thing has been brought about in India. To quote again from Vere Abbey:

"When we came to India, we found that the leadership of the Union of India, Burma and Ceylon was still missionary. At the first India Executive Council meeting, all of the members were missionaries except two Indians. In 1939, of the thirty-three members of the Council, twenty-four are Indian. Of the Indian members, eighteen are laymen in the Indian church. Increasingly the India Christian Endeavor is be-

(Continued on page 69)

Frances Willard at 21. A portrait from a daguerreotype, presented by her sorority, Alpha Phi, Sept. 28, 1898, to Willard Hall, Northwestern University

RESTLESS REFORMER

They used to refer to her as "the Apotheosis of Womanhood," "America's Uncrowned Queen," and such. But even discounting the exaggeration, Frances E. Willard was quite a woman at that and the idol and ideal of all temperance workers. This year America honors the centenary of her birth

By
CLARENCE W. HALL

ON A brisk March morning in 1874, Northwestern University's dean of women arose at her usual hour, expended her usual time fuming at styles which required energetic and vital women to squeeze themselves into wasp-waisted dresses grimaced as usual into the mirror at her "unsightly red hair," and walked with dignity down to breakfast.

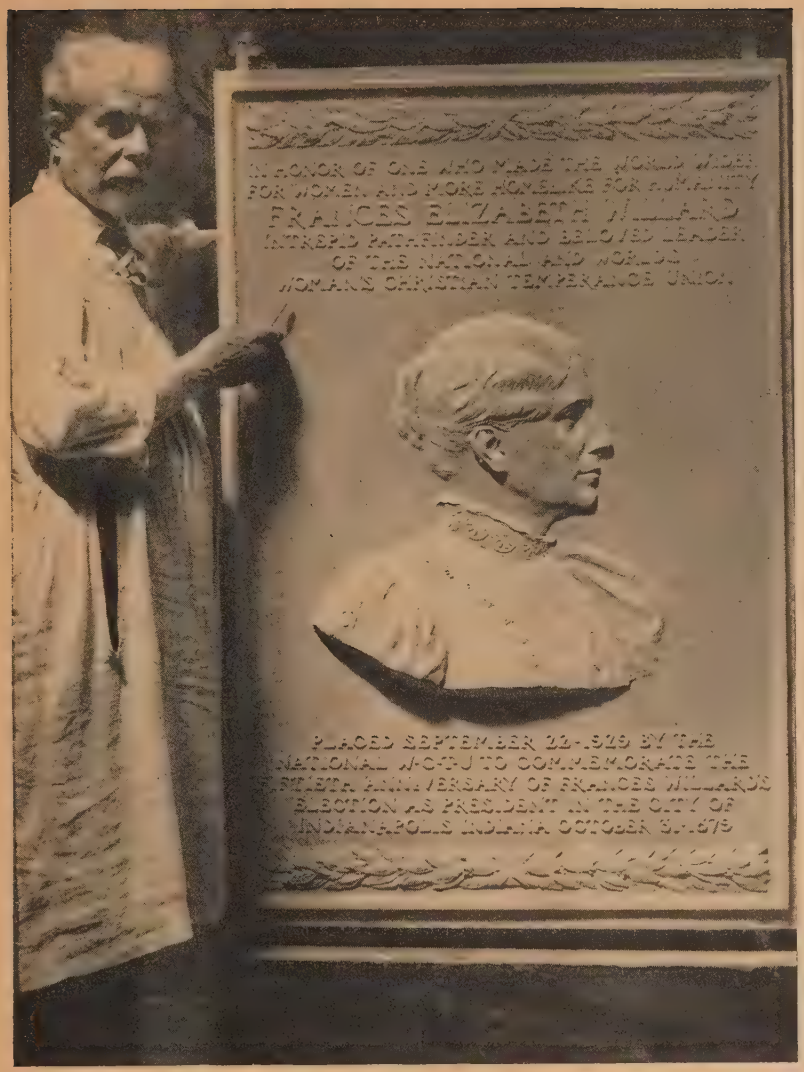
On the table was a copy of the Chicago *Tribune*. A story on the front page caught her eye. She adjusted her beribboned noseglasses, snatched the paper closer, the blue eyes flashed fire—and the breakfast of Frances E. Willard grew cold while her indignation waxed hot.

The paper told of the coming to Chicago of the "Women's Crusade," a somewhat naive movement born three months before in the little town of Hillsboro, Ohio, whose purpose was to stamp out the "liquor curse" by such gentle means as prayers and tears persistently and copiously applied to saloons. According to historians, it was the "most remarkable movement of the decade." And it tingled the blood and fired the souls of thousands of women whose crusading energies till then had been confined to the home fires. They would meet at some little church, clasp hands to form a complete ring around it, pledge themselves never to cease their labors and prayers until the last drinking-place had been closed, and march forth, singing, to beard the liquor traffic in its dens. Sometimes the prayer pickets would get inside, to the intense discomfiture of barmen and customers alike, kneeling in the sawdust in their trailing skirts, their bustles and tiny bonnets and many folded shawls. But more often the saloon doors would be locked against them, and they would get down in the snow and pray and sing and plead until the saloon-keeper would surrender. Then the ladies would gleefully pour his wares into the streets, while unregenerate drinkers would scoop up the rum-soaked snow to the tune of church bells tolling the victory. And to their hastily improvised "headquarters" they brought back beer mugs and decanters which they decked out in white ribbons and displayed as trophies of their conquest.

The thoughtless laughed at the naiveté of the well-meaning ladies. It did seem futile, for in most places the saloons came back, more numerous than ever, after a few weeks or months. There was, obviously, no radical change effected—that is, nowhere but in the women themselves. This change the scoffers at the Women's Crusade failed to take into account. All over America women had been stirred. Dean Willard of Northwestern herself had been somewhat washed by the wave of temperance. She had read the accounts of the Crusade's progress, had decided that this was "everybody's war," and had chosen to do her part by giving her students in rhetoric such themes as "John B. Gough" and "Neal Dow" in place of "Alexander the Great" and "Plato the philosopher."

But not until the Crusade had swept into Chicago did she get really worked up. Here 2,000 "refined and cultured ladies," armed with a petition of 14,000 signatures, had marched upon the Court House and into the Common Council to plead that the Sunday closing ordinance be enforced. They were rudely treated by the councillors, and, worse still, were almost mobbed by a hooting crowd of toughs as they came out.

It was the account of this indignity that fanned the flame in Frances E. Willard as she sat at breakfast in Evanston that March morning in 1874. At thirty-five, she was a leading figure in the educational field. She had been the first woman president of a college in the United States, had devoted fifteen years to inoculating girl students with her own advanced notions regarding woman's place in the world, and now was the dean of women at the first coeducational universi-


IN HONOR OF ONE WHO MADE THE WORLD BETTER
FOR WOMEN AND MORE HOMELIKE FOR HUMANITY
FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD
INTREPID PATHFINDER AND BELOVED LEADER
OF THE NATIONAL AND WORLD'S
WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION
PLACED SEPTEMBER 22 1929 BY THE
NATIONAL W.C.T.U. TO COMMEMORATE THE
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF FRANCES WILLARD'S
ELECTION AS PRESIDENT IN THE CITY OF
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA OCTOBER 8 1879

At left, Lorado Taft, and the plaque of Miss Willard which he made. This plaque was placed in the Capitol Building at Indianapolis, Indiana, by the National W.C.T.U., September 22, 1929, on the fiftieth anniversary of her election to the presidency of that body, in Indianapolis. Below, left, Rest Cottage, famous home of Frances Willard, Evanston, Illinois. Below, right, Ida B. Wise Smith, now President of the W.C.T.U.

ty in America. Till this day she had had no other ambition than to continue to carry the torch as a pioneer educator.

But the Women's Crusade, occurring at a time when an administrative change at Northwestern was hampering her style, gave her an "arrest of thought" that amounted to a vision. The lively feminist in her was hopping mad that such gentle ladies, engaged in such high enterprise, should be mobbed by rowdies and mistreated by politicians. Not for nothing did she have red hair. Under the banner of indignation, Frances Willard came riding up to the fray, and within a few days the influence of her name and tongue was felt at temperance mass meetings all around Chicago.

The vision persisted, and in three months she resigned from the university. Vaguely led on toward what she sensed was to be her new work, she went East to investigate the new temperance movement. In Maine she conferred with Neal Dow, "father of the Maine law." On the way back to Chicago, she stopped off at Pittsburgh for a first-hand view of the Crusade. At the Crusade headquarters she made herself known; the ladies were almost pathetic in their welcome to the distinguished recruit. Paired off with a young woman teacher, she marched off to battle with an outgoing band. They paused before a saloon, singing "Jesus the Water of Life Will Give." The saloonkeeper refused them entrance, but at the second stop they had better luck. And here Frances Willard got her first view of the inside of a saloon. She looked curiously at the barrels pointing their spigots at customers, the shelves with glittering cut-glass and shining decanters, the floor covered with sawdust. But the fumes sickened her. The leader of the band read a psalm, they sang a hymn, then Miss Willard was called upon to pray. Kneeling in the sawdust before the bar, she prayed as she never had prayed before.

The next day, exalted beyond measure, she took a train for home, and within a week had accepted the presidency of the Chicago branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, a new and loosely-organized outgrowth of the Woman's Crusade.

Thus was born and baptized into the cause the godmother of the Eighteenth Amendment, she who would be voted "the greatest woman of the nineteenth century" and one of the foremost reformers of all time. She led a rich and varied existence, and her career epitomizes for us today an important era in history, an era that saw woman for the first time entering definitely and permanently into the fields of moral and political reform. Whatever one may think of the causes she championed, her achievements cannot be ignored. It was she who steered the growth of one of the mightiest reform forces on the globe from a small and unimposing group to an agency with a half million members in fifty countries and local unions established in 10,000 cities and towns. It was she who, as much as any other, lifted the cause of women's suffrage out of the hands of the lunatic fringe, she who gave the youthful feminist movement its most feminine leadership and pointed women toward their most cherished goals. No other woman of the nineteenth century wielded such influence on her times; no other woman of her times has had so

marked an influence upon our own day and its institutions for human betterment.

This year America is celebrating the anniversary of her birth. On or about the 28th of September (her birth date) the celebrations will reach their zenith. In scores of schools, churches and welfare institutions bearing her name, orators will rise and renew the haloes. Women's organizations of every kind and cast will salute her as their patron saint. During "Willard Week" (Sept. 24—Oct. 1) the Library of Congress will feature a special "Willard bookshelf," as will many other libraries over the country. The International Council of Women (of which she was a founder), the D.A.R. (of which she was a charter member), the Business and Professional Women's Club (whose formation her life inspired), every active chapter of the Alpha Phi Sorority (of which she was president at one time), all will be honoring her. A pilgrimage to her birthplace at Churchville, N. Y., will be made by 3,000 W.C.T.U. women; and the D.A.R. ladies from five states will make a similar trek to Janesville, Wisconsin, her childhood home. Too, there will be pilgrimages to Statuary Hall in the nation's Capitol, where Frances Willard—the only woman to be so honored—keeps stony company with Washington and Will Rogers, Lincoln and other immortals.

She will be featured on one of the broadcasts of the New York World's Fair "Women of Tomorrow" program sponsored by the Women's National Radio Commission, and, if her admirers have their way with Postmaster-General Farley, her likeness will tour the world on a special Frances Willard Stamp.

The years truly have builded her into a figure almost formidable by reason of its height and its garlands. Perhaps we'd better retreat back through the years and look at her as circumstances and Frances Willard combined to make her.

There was little in her youth to forecast the career of a reformer. Which, of course, cannot be blamed on her ancestry, for it was strictly Puritan, stemming from the days of the Conquest. But a capricious Nature had implanted in the make-up of young "Frank" Willard certain traits that warred with all that was circumspect. From early childhood, there seemed to be in her a referee that pointed out precedent as her lifelong opponent, whispering: "Break clean, and *come out fighting!*"

She did. Though thoroughly feminine, she resented the limitations of being a girl. On the farm near Janesville, Wisconsin, called "Forest Home," to which the family had migrated from the East by prairie schooner, she hated dishes and needles, despised indoor games, and romped with her brother. She made and set traps for quail, learned to milk, to harness a horse in three minutes, and, when her father refused to let her ride a horse, trained a favorite heifer to carry her about.

She liked to think for herself, and of herself. For this pastime she created a retreat at the top of a black-oak tree, nailing a sign at the bottom which said: "The Eagle's Nest—Beware!" Here she would go to meditate on the hampering business of being a girl, scribbling into a journal her independent thoughts and radical reactions. She would write speeches, too, then come down from the tree to perch on a gatepost and deliver her soul to imaginary audiences.

She would always war against women's fashions. Added to her persistent rebellion against women's wear was the consciousness that she was no glamor girl. Her sister, Mary, was plump and pretty. "Frank" saw herself as plain and un-

At top, Frances and Mary Willard, aged 8 and 5 years. (Loaned by the W.C.T.U., Evanston, Illinois.) Next, Frances Willard learning to ride a bicycle

beautiful, if not a definitely ugly duckling —a rather unfair estimate, judging by her pictures. But her self-alleged lack of beauty remained a sore point with her.

Toward spiritual experience also she was a non-conformist, maintaining the same independence of thought here that marked her opinions on other subjects. She lived in a day when religion was a prominent feature in the lives of prairie dwellers, when itinerant evangelists brought fire and brimstone close to their hearers, and when the "Mourner's bench" was an institution much used by weeping penitents. Even as a young girl she resisted all attempts to "convert" her, and passed the time in church counting wasps on the ceiling.

At college she was a brilliant student, editor of the college paper and valedictorian of her class. And gradually she was coming about to the deeply spiritual experience that ever after would be the motive power of her life. When she was nineteen, ill of typhoid, she thought it all out and "bargained" with God: if He would let her get well, she would try to be the Christian she had fought against being. She recovered, and true to her part of the compact, took the first opportunity to publicly acknowledge her new allegiance. The large congregation in the Methodist church stared aghast as she moved out into the main aisle and approached the altar. Kneeling, she rather expected some tremendous emotional upheaval. None came. So for fourteen successive nights she went out to the altar, "praying and agonizing." Still no fireworks. Then, baffled and discouraged, it came to her that her actual conversion, a thing that must be taken on faith, had occurred when she made that decision on her sickbed. It was her spiritual farewell to qualms. She never doubted again.

Following Frances Willard's graduation from the Northwestern Female College, she entered the only profession open to women of her day—teaching. For the next nine years she taught in a variety of places: Harlem and Kankakee, Illinois; Pittsburgh Female College; Grove School, Evanston, and Genessee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y. Yet she was restless, unhappy, groping still for her particular niche in life. From the days when she used to sit in "The Eagle's Nest" and plan her life, she had purposed to throw some lengthened shadow across her age, make some distinctive contribution to bettering the world. But what exactly? Her goals were splendid but vague.

It was not until she had taken a vacation from teaching and, in company with a friend, spent two and a half years roaming about Europe, that she thought she had found her niche. She had taken the trip for general cultural purposes, but the specific result was the creation in her of an absorbing interest in what was called "the woman question." The status of woman in Europe appalled her. But, with objective clarity she saw that woman in America, hedged about by a man-made order, was almost as badly off. Why should she not become champion of a wider world for women? And where better could she start the expansion than in the field of education?

She returned to Evanston glowing with zeal. It communicated itself to others, and in a few weeks there were plans under way for an "Evanston College for Ladies," with Frances Willard as president. Miss Willard was given free rein to use her own ideas, to invent a college after her own heart and choose her own staff.

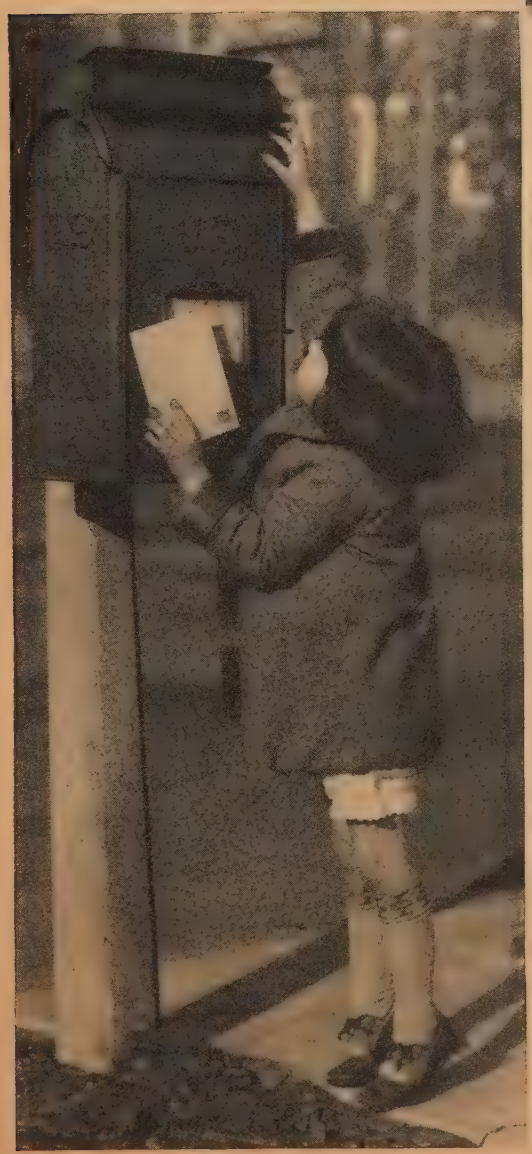
What she invented was something new under the educational sun—an institution in which, she stated, "women should be, for the first time, recognized and proved as the peers of men in administrative power."

For a time the college thrived, and Frances Willard experimented as she liked with her educational theories. But in 1871 came the disastrous Chicago fire, seriously hampering the college's income. This was misfortune enough, but two years later the panic of '73 started a long depression. Financial ruin faced the Evanston College for Ladies; it was taken over by Northwestern University, and Miss Willard was made Dean of Women, and Professor of Aesthetics.

But bad luck still continued to tag her around. She not *(Continued on page 55)*

The MANY I Cannot See

By Richard Maxwell



© Armstrong Roberts

DURING THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS I HAVE RECEIVED NEARLY 100,000 LETTERS FROM PERSONS OF ALL KINDS, CLASSES AND AGES

"I DO not like people—I am interested only in things!" I remember a young man once making such a statement to a psychologist friend of mine. As I think of it, it seems almost incredible that any full-grown human being could say such a thing; for to me people are the most interesting things in the whole world. Yet I was the young man who made that very remark, scarcely ten years ago. It is incredible!

During the past several years, I have received nearly 100,000 letters from persons of all kinds, classes and ages. Most of these letters contained very gratifying tributes, but I am not thinking of such things. I am thinking of those letters in which someone's heart was opened and poured out to me because he felt I was a true friend—even though an unseen one—and of those which permitted me to read between the lines, and to share in the heights and depths of their joys and sorrows.

You have heard it said that everyone in the world believes his life story would make a good book. You do, don't you? There is more truth here than first appears. Each of us has so much of joy or sorrow, of good luck and of bad, of comedy and tragedy in this world, that a story-book plot could well be taken from your life, or mine, your own neighbor's life—anybody's life. I am sure of it; and if you were to read portions of letters I have received you would be equally certain. Of course, I would not betray the friendship of anyone who has ever written to me. I prize it too highly. For that reason any names or places I may mention here are entirely fictitious—though the facts are, in the main, quite true. So if you promise to bear this in mind, I shall permit you to look overy my shoulder as I reread a line or two from treasured letters—thumb-nail pen pictures of life.

Among our most faithful listeners are children, who seem to love the gospel songs and the spiritual thoughts. Children are close to God in so many ways. One little fellow has a special name for "In the Garden"; he calls it the "Amos and Andy" song. "*And He* walks with me *and He* talks with me, *And He* tells me I am His own." One of our friends recently wrote that her little boy follows our daily broadcast with deepest devotion, cannot be induced to leave his place close by the radio until goodbye is said at the end of the program. The last time I sang the much-loved song mentioned above, he ran to his mother, almost in tears and cried out, "Mommy! Richard Maxwell got hurt! He just told me he came out in the garden alone, falling on this ear." How impressionable our tiny listeners are—and how deeply concerned.

"Every morning finds grandma, who is quite deaf, seated on the floor in front of the radio with her earphones held close to the blaring loud speaker. On her lap sits Bobby; they listen and sing together, the clear tones of the little boy blending with the wavering voice of old age. It is the happiest time of the day for them."

Of course not all homes are blessed with children; perhaps they have already grown and are building homes of their own. Whatever the reason, sometimes love and affection can be lavished only on a four-

footed friend. "My beautiful cat has just died and I miss her as I listen to Cheer and Comfort," writes one friend. "Yours was the only program she would listen to —stalking disdainfully out of the room and down into the cellar whenever any other program was turned on." Several have written telling of their dog barking to remind its owner to come to his customary chair, that the program had already started.

Do you remember the painting at Mont Lawn—the young father saying grace, the mother and baby seated with heads bowed, and only the loaf of bread and a pitcher on the table? Read this letter from Pennsylvania; "We are very poor and many times we sit before the radio with our overcoats on to keep warm. We know what it is to be cold and hungry, so here is a dollar to help put a little milk in the pitcher at Mont Lawn." The widow's mite? Yes, there are many such hearts, just as generous and kindly, right in your own town. Did you ever try to find them?

From Memphis, Tennessee, I used to receive the most cheerful letters from a twenty-five year old girl, Frances Carter, full of fun and understanding. I took them at their face value until this one; "My arms, you see—I can't straighten them out. My left wrist is bent and my hand won't straighten out, but my right hand won't double up—it is so hard to write. Four or five people here have the same trouble, but I am the worst one. Seems like I always have to take it on the chin—and my chin is getting pretty sore. My folks just take it for granted I'll never get better. I'm trying to fight it out and not quit, but I haven't much grit left; and today I want to cry on someone's shoulder."

From here and there joy, sorrow, tragedy mingle, coming alike from the poor, the wealthy; glimpses of great and Christ-like hearts—giving, helping, bearing and toiling on.

Here's another: "Please remember my mother on April 15th—it was her birthday. Red roses were her favorite flowers and her lullaby for her babies "Calm Is the Sea." Then a postscript; "Why have I got tears in my eyes? It's so long ago." Could any picture be painted with fewer lines? Perhaps so, for here is another, verbatim; "Mr. Maxwell, I have had a little argument last Sunday with my husband. We didn't talk all day. I felt so blue about it but I couldn't give in either so we didn't say good night, good morning or goodbye. But was Monday long and dreary! The clock ticked so slowly the minutes away, I went out. I couldn't stand it in the house. Coming home we met in the bus and we were both so glad to see each other. It was really my fault. . ."

From a New Jersey friend; "My little birthday pal will be four on that day. She calls you "Missie Maxwell" and takes your book of Songs when she goes for her afternoon nap—which account for the many times when she sings all the prescribed nap time instead of sleeping. At night she gets on Daddy's lap and he must sing the songs you sang in the morning."

What memories are stirred! "Many times I sit by my radio and weep when you sing the good old hymns, for it takes me back to those Sunday evenings when I was a very small child. Twelve brothers and sisters, with mother and father, sitting in that very large room which was kitchen and living room together, down on the old farm near Hagerstown; singing together these same old hymns—Mother leading with her sweet soprano voice and Daddy a deep bass. I, on Daddy's lap and my baby sister—now over fifty—on Mother's lap."

RICHARD MAXWELL

There are many like that—tender memories of the past. During the summer months, vacation time frequently uncovers an unfilled mother-heart. A Connecticut friend writes; "Please send us a nine or ten year old little girl, the more under-nourished the better. Our home is not much but we have plenty of rich milk and good food and sunshine—and we would make her happy and healthy."

Some of our most interesting letters come from men—business men, doctors, educators, sailors, soldiers—from privates to generals, men of the world. The West Indies, the East Indies, England, Scotland, Ireland, Finland—Bulgaria—French West Africa, Sumatra, Ceylon—from everywhere they come. Wherever they are from, these letters prove that underneath all hearts are the same, human, vital, interesting. They are your neighbors and mine—though they be far or near.

A penciled letter in a vigorous masculine script; "One hundred and two men, on a forty-inch pipe line in the woods of Louisiana listen to you every morning over our loud speaker. Your gospel songs start the day right as we work rain or shine on our tractors, up hill and down; through swamp, brush and timber. We often sing with you the songs we know. God bless your work. (Signed: Capt. Henry and men.)" Such a vital picture of men, strong in muscle and faith, at their work.

From a nurse: "I stood reverently before my radio as you repeated once more the poem, 'The Nurse.' I had just closed the eyes of one of my patients in my nursing home, and I went to another patient with a little more courage after your talk. I have worn the uniform for many years."

From a dear old lady whose almost illegible writing told me she is practically blind; "When you spoke of the Fresh Air Fund for children some time ago false pride kept me from doing my bit. It seemed too small, but after listening to you to-day, I have thrust pride behind me and here is a small donation. It would take many of these to do much good." I wonder? However much good her mite has done for the fund —it has done much toward giving a certain radio singer a love and respect for his fellow men and a deep desire to "carry on."

"I am a barber and have the world's best scrap book. I obtain a lock of hair from each new customer and certain valued friends. This is an old custom of friendship. Also his autograph, and glue them together in my scrapbook. May I have a lock of your hair and your autograph to keep?"

"Mother's Day is here and I am thinking of my own mother —my mom—dead over twenty years. I'll never forget the last night before I went off for the U. S. A. I was only fifteen years old. I did not sleep; I was crying, heartbroken, but mother didn't know. She came into my room; I made believe I was asleep. Her hand was patting my head and shoulders, but she went out again without one word, sighing. The next day they brought me to the ship. Oh, but when the ship went off and mother got smaller and smaller I held both hands out and cried 'Mother!' I wonder what she did—was she crying? I never saw her again."

Fiction—a motion picture? No, real life—your own neighbor next door, perhaps.

"I am going to school at Duke University. I want to believe in all that the church has told me—but find it very hard to do so. Can you strengthen my belief? —I do not want quotations from the Bible—I want more hard facts,—I want to be able to meet the arguments of my schoolmates with sound logic. . ."

"I am lonely *(Continued on page 54)*

This comfortable-looking rural home in Puerto Rico belongs to the planter shown in the picture. He is a tobacco grower; but the rich soil of the fertile island produces all tropical crops abundantly—sugar and coffee being the leaders. Photo by Ewing Galloway

Parade of BROTHERHOOD

The Outposts

[PART VIII]

By FRANK S. MEAD

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS came ashore in 1492, planted the flag of Spain and the cross of Christ in the sand of a new world and called it "The West Indies." He was sure that he had found the western shores of the mythical India, but he was wrong. He was nowhere near India, though he was, in his own words, looking upon "the most beautiful land eyes ever beheld." The natives had another name for it: "The Land of Enchantment."

The enchantment increased as new explorers came to find more islands. Soon on the charts of the navigators the West Indies had become an archipelago of twelve hundred islands stretching from Florida to South America and lying squarely at the junction of the Atlantic and the Caribbean. Names came: Cuba, San Domingo, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Bermuda. They were lush tropical islands, blessed with eternal summer.

Cortez, Pizarro, Balboa. The conquistadores and the grandees! These were the first white visitors and inhabitants. Behind them came explorers, adventurers, traders, missionaries. Some took what they could and hurried on; some few settled down at this crossroads of the seas. They carved out great estates, enslaved the natives, built forts and even churches.

Spain held the island for over four hundred years, until the Spanish-American War; with the peace, the richest island of all, Puerto Rico, fell to the United States; Cuba, though independent, is more closely related to Uncle Sam than to any other country. What has happened to these new American possessions in the forty years since the war with Spain is an epic written by army engineers, school teachers, doctors and missionaries.

When the war ended, the land of enchantment had still its sunshine, palm trees, and slow pace of life. But it had also roads that were often impassable in bad weather; it had poverty, slavery and fear; it had poor housing, yellow fever, malaria and hookworm. Schools were rare.

What has happened in four decades? The automobile is seen as frequently as the ox cart. Doctors have come from America and have arisen from the islands themselves to fight disease. Great sugar and tobacco plantations have sprung up. And from them has come another problem—the modern one of absentee ownership, and a people working on the land but having none of their own.

The economic welfare of the West Indies is one of the goals of home missions. Although there is much yet to be done, a great deal has already been accomplished on this field. In the first place, the method of procedure was revolutionary.

After the soldiers came the missionaries. They represented all denominations, all churches, all creeds. This was a big field, anybody's field. It might have turned out to be a highly competitive scramble, if church leaders hadn't seen the wisdom in concerted effort and unity.

The West Indies became an experimental laboratory for denominational cooperation. The Protestant church in the Dominican Republic, for instance, is called the Dominican Evangelical Church; there is a Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo composed of Methodists, Presbyterians, and United Brethren. "What do they mean by these names—Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Disciples?" asked one puzzled Dominican churchman. "We are all Christians!" In Cuba, without any definite arrangements, each denomination specialized in certain territories, and kept itself free

of competition with other Protestant churches.

In Puerto Rico, seven denominations came in at once. They sat down to talk it over before they entered; they agreed to divide the territory so that each church would be responsible for a certain area and no more. They were Baptists, Presbyterians, Christians, Disciples, Congregationalists, Methodists and United Brethren, but they forgot all that. They organized an Evangelical Union that breathed a spirit of Christian unity into their work; that gave them a united front. They built, within a few years, the Evangelical Seminary, a union seminary to train evangelists for their first major task: the bringing of a whole people to a new consciousness of Jesus Christ.

Now there are seminaries and seminaries; every denomination in the United States has its ministerial training school. But there are few seminaries indeed where all the denominations have their young parsons studying the same courses at the same time. To do that is an achievement anywhere. The Christian Protestant forces of Puerto Rico did it: they are training a young, native ministry under one roof, sparing them denominational differences, and against the common background of race and language giving them a common gospel to preach.

Ninety per cent of the West Indian ministers come out of this one seminary at Rio Piedras. They are working in Puerto Rico, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela, Colombia, Costa Rica, San Salvador and in Brooklyn, New York and Chicago! They are preaching on the street corners of Ponce, Caracas and the Bronx. They have driven deep into the jungle, into the mountains and the hills, to build schools, churches and clinics.

Two hundred thousand of the finest citizens of Puerto Rico have been brought by them under the influences of evangelical religion; out of these ranks have come the great forward movements for prohibition, social welfare, public morals. These are crusades sponsored by people who grew up in the mission Sunday Schools, and preached from hundreds of native pulpits every day in the week. The word "native" is important here. If every white missionary were to be brought out of this field tomorrow morning, the work would carry on without a pause in a purely native church under a purely native ministry trained at Rio Piedras. The ultimate aim of American Protestant missions here has been a self-supporting, native church.

In the School of Tropical Medicine in San Juan is a bust of Dr. Bailey K. Ashford, who fought the scourge of hookworm in the early days. A few years ago the hospital staff noticed that fresh flowers were being placed daily beside the bust. It puzzled them until they set a man to watch and discovered that every morning the poor peasants of a nearby country district sent some one of their number in with the fresh floral tribute to the man who had given his life for them. Ashford was one of the first of the great medicos of Puerto Rico; today there is a young army of doctors and nurses in training. The Presbyterian Hospital at Ponce is one of the outstanding hospitals of the world, rated Class A by the American

Medical Association and training ninety per cent of the nurses of Puerto Rico. There are Episcopalian and Congregationalist hospitals and others, yet they never duplicate one another's work. They cover a territory in which, before they came, there was no hospital at all.

The Hospital Internacional looks out across the blue Caribbean from the shores of Ciudad Trujillo. It is a union hospital, ministering to everybody; last year fifteen thousand patients came in from sixty miles to the west, seventy miles to the east, seventy-five miles to the north—on donkey back, afoot or in ox carts. It is the only school for the instruction of nurses in the Dominican Republic, and its influence has gone far beyond the bounds of the country. A British sailor tells this story about Internacional:

He was caught at sea with appendicitis, on a freighter en route to Lisbon and one hundred and fifty miles from the island. There was no doctor aboard, so the captain radioed for help to the British gunboat *York;* the *York's* doctor came aboard, but he didn't dare operate on the tossing freighter, and recommended that the patient be taken ashore. The captain radioed again—this time to the British Minister at Ciudad Trujillo, who in turn called Hospital Internacional. At 3:30 next morning the patient went over the side in a stretcher and in less than an hour from the time he reached shore Dr. Damiron was operating. His life hung by a thread for twenty-four hours, but he lived!

There are innumerable schools in the West Indies. Day schools. Sunday schools. Grade schools. High schools. Colleges. Vacation schools. Out of them

On facing page, top, native school girls of many races, at Point Barrow, Alaska. Bottom, native life near Havana, Cuba—a vender of spring water. On this page, above, two native Puerto Rican beauties at a door, in their home in San Juan. The door, opening on a court, serves also as a window. (All photos by Ewing Galloway)

have come Christian doctors, lawyers, nurses, teachers and ordinary citizens with an extraordinary, Christian way of looking at things; the mark of Christian evangelism is on them, in them. A leading lawyer, opening his case in court, turned to the district attorney with, "My understanding of the principles of justice probably varies a little from yours because I was trained in an evangelical Sunday School." "Oh, yes?" said the district attorney, "you don't say so. So was I!"

The Chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico was a mission school boy. So was the Dean of the College of Education, the Commissioner of Education, and the Chief of Civil Service. So was Dr. Jose N. Rodriguez, young and outstanding municipal doctor, and Dr. Landrone, known to medical men all over the Indies. There are cabinet members, senators, judges—there are leaders in every profession and business who grew up in mission churches.

There are the ordinary citizens we spoke of—men and women in the smaller cities and towns, off the beaten track, back in the hills and mountains. A veteran missionary who spent his early days riding—or walking back—into the almost impenetrable hills to communities and people who were cut off from the world of schools and opportunity, tells of his return to one hill town, twenty years later:

"It is significant that today one drives into this town over a beautiful highway. We stopped in front of a lovely little home and were greeted by those who in former years had been the first members to attend the little Sunday School. It was hard going for them in those days. They were ridiculed by their neighbors and scorned by the society of the town, to which they naturally belonged, but they stood firm. As we sat in this home the sisters and their families who lived near by dropped in to see us. A car drove up in front of the house with the husband of our hostess, a professor in the university. All the girls had taken higher education courses; all of them had graduate diplomas; all of them had trained for graduate work. One was conducting a clinic—another was teaching in the public schools. Our hostess had been educated in the North, the professor occupied a chair of history in the university and he seemed so well informed that we wanted to get his point of view. As we sat there and talked, my mind went back to the early days and I realized that this family and their associates have become the center of the finest life in the town."

From the coral strands of the West Indies to the icy mountains of Alaska, as the crow flies, is fifty-five hundred miles. That's a long jump, but home missions has made it: at Nome we find another cooperative hospital, another federated church.

Puerto Rico is one hundred miles long and thirty miles wide and crowded with one and a half million people, or four hundred and forty people to the square mile, a population-density greater than that of India or China. Alaska has 586,400 square miles and only 58,758 people. West Indians are largely Spanish, Negro or both. But in Alaska lives the typical man-of-the-melting-pot, with the blood of half the earth's races in his veins.

When our Secretary of State bought Alaska for two cents an acre, people called it "Seward's Folly." It was supposed to be a barren waste, an icy no-man's-land, hardly worth two coppers an acre. But it turned out to be one of Uncle Sam's wisest investments; the land was rich in gold, silver, platinum, copper, oil, gas, lumber, fish, meat and fur.

When the first missionary arrived at Point Barrow, the tiny town on the northernmost tip of North America, he found a few Eskimo lodges scattered along the icy shore and a wooden shack or shelter house for icebound or shipwrecked sailors. Today Point Barrow is a clean little town of well-built frame houses, having a population of two hundred and fifty. In the midst of the huddle of houses a steeple rises: the steeple of the church and the farthest north beacon light in America for lost men. In its shadow is the manse, and down near the water's edge is the hospital. In charge of the church and the hospital is Dr. Henry R. Greist, minister, doctor, surgeon, shepherd of a thousand-mile parish, whose job it is to prove that no spot on earth is "too far away" for God to reach.

Men and women in that country once took death for granted; they were too isolated and alone to fight it off. Many a man died alone in the snow who might have been saved, and many a baby choked to death for want of a doctor. But today there is the hospital. It is up-to-date and well equipped, with beds for twenty patients; it took care of thirty during a recent diphtheria epidemic. A complete medical and surgical service functions twenty-four hours a day. The clinic treats five thousand a year.

Many of the patients are "mushed in" by dog sled, hundreds of miles across the ice; many a night an unannounced sled slides to a stop before the door, the huskies drop in the snow—and in a matter of minutes an operation is being performed on a total stranger bitten a week ago by an enraged polar bear. Others, too weak to be moved, are treated by Dr. Greist in their hidden igloos or snow covered cabins. The furthest north preacher-doctor has no idea how many miles he has covered across the trackless wilds in temperatures of fifty below; or how many religious services he has held in isolated schoolhouses or cabins with a handful of fur-clad natives for audience.

He does not know how many more his nurses will reach. Out of that hospital has come the first of the graduate nurses who will "mush in" on their dog sleds of mercy long after he has ended his labors at Point Barrow. He has no way of knowing how many he has deeply touched with his preaching: what preacher has?

A famous visitor has given an interesting description of this community. A few years ago Anne Morrow Lindbergh, with her husband, stopped for a week end while they were flying "North to the Orient." They settled their plane on the waters of the lagoon near the hospital. They were surprised to find such a modern medical institution in this remote spot. They were amazed at the happy, smiling faces of the Eskimos. And both were deeply *(Continued on page 68)*

I sat on a bench opposite the entrance, trying to think

FOREIGN INVASION

By May Dixon Thacker

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES ZINGARO

[PART FIVE]

SYNOPSIS: The Owens are a mountain family, illiterate but of excellent stock. Ma Owens has a valuable old Bible which her forefathers brought with them from England. Milly and Vi are two pretty girls, anxious to see the world. They are attracted by two smooth city men, Hartman and Adair, much to the annoyance of Jakie McRoy, Milly's mountain suitor. Accompanied by Miss Wray, a Welfare Worker, Milly goes with Hartman to Asheville, to select a dress to wear at a party. While trying on some dresses, she overhears a salesgirl saying that Hartman is a rascal, who is exploiting the mountain people.

THE voice said, "There's a man who comes to our boarding house selling stock in a big Syndicate. His name is Jim Hartman. He intends to gobble the money the mountain people get for their farms. Then, too, he is taking away, gradually, every means of livelihood they have; selling their fox furs and hooked rugs and Candlewick bedspreads. He imports machine-made stuff and undersells everything. He has it worked out to the last nickel. He's a bird, that guy."

The other voice said, "I met him once. I've heard a lot about him."

"He's setting up a chain of 'Gift Shops' too—all over. He'll mop up. He has agents everywhere."

When they paused, I heard them laugh. I stood, almost paralyzed from what I was hearing. The voice went on, "There are two rich women at the Mayfair Hotel, a Mrs. Morris and a Mrs. Page, who are in with Hartman. They manage to get right into the cabins where the weaving is done and copy the rare old patterns."

I had taken those very two women to see Ma, at her weaving. . . .

The narrow flimsy partitions of the tiny room seemed to be closing in around me like iron walls with steel spikes, crushing me.

Jim Hartman was exploiting my people! I hardly knew what the word meant, but the women had partly explained; it meant getting our poor little money; taking away our jobs; cheating, stealing!

Things went black before me. I began wiggling out of the lovely dress. I felt sick and faint and weak. Something was rising in my throat—choking me. . . . A roaring in my ears was almost deafening.

The voice in the next booth sounded far off, but I heard it—"Jim Hartman's wife left him last week."

Jim Hartman had a wife!

Just then the door opened and the two salesladies came in.

The ladies looked me over in surprise.

"Are you—ill?" one asked, kindly. "Or have you finished trying the dresses on?"

"No. Yes," I stammered. "I do feel—ill . . . and I guess I've changed my mind. I won't get a party dress after all. You see, I've lots of things to buy for my sister Vi who has gone away to boarding school. I might not have enough money, maybe."

The salesladies fluttered around me; they didn't seem impatient. One of them brought a glass of water which I drank gratefully. All I wanted was to get back into my cotton print dress and dash out and away. But something restrained me. I had to know more; definite, clear facts. They had said that Jim Hartman was exploiting my people. I didn't understand exactly what exploiting meant, I had to be sure.

Presently I said, "I overheard you talking about mountain girls and conditions."

"Oh—I'm sorry," they chorused.

"It doesn't matter," I faltered. "Only I am interested. I don't know what you mean about mountaineers being exploited by what we call 'furriners'. Please tell me. I'm one of them. I live in a cabin."

It was as though a spring had been touched that released floodgates; streams of words gushed out. "We live in a big boarding house and every evening, some agent or other comes in to sell us stock in a Company. They claim we'd be rich in a short time. They are opening a chain of Gift Shops that is bound to be a gold mine, the way everybody is buying mountain craft work."

A Gift Shop had been opened at Hill Top Tourist Camp where I was working. As we were leaving that very morning, it was being shot up by a gang of angry mountain men led by Jakie McRoy, the boy I was expected to marry.

"You spoke of a Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Page?" I questioned..

"They're rich. They don't sell stock. They put up the money to finance the Company. They amuse themselves, I reckon, going into the cabins and finding out how the weaving is done and copying the rare old patterns."

"I don't quite see—what for?" I mused, in my ignorance.

"It's simple. They have machine-made stuff manufactured in the north and sent down here and sold as handmade mountain craft. In huge quantities. Many rugs are imported from Japan, cheap; underselling the genuine articles."

Comprehension was clarifying. One of the ladies lowered her voice. "I know. My mother is one of the weavers."

"So is mine," I said. "And I took those very ladies to her cabin, to watch her."

"Nothing can be done about it," she shook her head.

"Who's at the head of this Company?" I asked.

"Rich men and women, but their leading representative down here is a man named Jim Hartman."

Blood crowded about my heart, but with an effort I controlled myself. "You know this Jim Hartman?" I asked carelessly.

"We've heard plenty. And none too good. He has a way about him . . . a line that sells ideas. And he's big time stuff with the ladies."

The last sentence was spoken very low but I caught it. The other woman took up the thread of their revelations:

"He doesn't bother much to disguise their purpose. The first big idea is to interest the mountain men, as they get money paid for their farms. He talks these men into investing in the Company that will destroy them. They will be weeded out. They'll lose their money and Jim Hartman will have it."

"That's stealing," I remarked.

They laughed. "Of course. What do they care? They'll keep within the law. It's clever."

Thus came my understanding of what exploiting meant. I was wondering how I could ask about the wife when the saleslady said, "His wife's a nice woman. I've waited on her. She left him last week. Had all she could take, I reckon. She's rich herself."

"Does she live in Asheville?" I asked.

"Only in summer."

I apologized for being a bother and thanked them and left. Not knowing where to go or what to do. Never had I been in any store but at country crossroads.

Wandering around, watching people, an "Information" sign caught my eye, and with the list I had made out to buy for Vi, I inquired where to find the things. The lady at the desk patiently marked each article and directed me.

In a half daze, finally, after the purchases were made and ordered mailed to the Mission School, I sat down on a bench on the sidewalk opposite the front entrance where Miss Wray, the Welfare Officer, had told me to wait for her.

I was glad to have a little time to collect my thoughts. At first, a smothering sense of self-pity almost crushed me. But gradually, like the heavy morning fogs I could see from the cabin door at Hill Top, over the mountain ranges, dissolving, rolling away, under the warm rays of a rising sun, I felt myself coming out from under.

I had Miss Wray to thank for a lot; she was one of those warm sun-rays. She had known the danger I was in and had stood by. My heart glowed toward her.

The dreadful thing that had threatened me, undoubtedly had happened to other mountain girls similarly situated and would happen to others. I felt that something had to be done about it.

My thoughts focused on Split Lick, and Ma. I longed to see her; to draw courage from her rugged strength. How ignorant she was—poor soul—and how wise! With nothing to think about all her life but what her forebears had been; good blood, second sons of British nobility and all that; adventuring in the new American wilderness. In her hardworked, drab existence, with nothing to look forward to, day in and day out, year in and year out, but having babies, plowing her little steer on the rocky mountainside corn patches,

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Hartman's face flushed, his eyes snapped. "What do you mean?" he flared. I looked at him and managed to smile. "That I am terribly bored and not interested. Not-at-all. Thank you." "Milly means just what she says," put in Miss Wray. "She is not interested."

raising a few sheep, tending the cow, feeding the hog, raising a few cabbages for winter kraut; shearing her sheep, carding the wool, spinning it into thread, weaving the thread into cloth for her children's clothes. . . .

Yet in all this, something profound and deep had sustained her, as it had sustained her mother and grandmother before her. Was it a proud consciousness of race, with that precious old Bible the one and only tangible link to the pride of family? And two preceding generations had not been able to read a word of it, but they had treasured it. There was something bigger than the Bible Book that Ma leaned on; it was what the Book had revealed to her.

And now—along come smart men to buy her home and take away every accustomed thing, steal her money and put her adrift in the world with her children and no means of earning a livelihood. Maybe somebody would even try to steal her Bible, for Miss Wray said it was worth into the thousands of dollars.

Smart men, like Jim Hartman, handsome, charming; dazzling the eyes and hearts of girls who didn't know any better. It isn't easy for love's young romantic dreams to crumble all at once, but after the bolt that had shocked me, I was glad to view the ruins of mine. What a silly little fool I had been!

My thoughts got no further, for Miss Wray appeared. We crossed the street and walked the short distance to the hotel. I was not talkative; I seemed to have much to say but no words came to say it with. Again we sat on the soft couch to wait for Jim Hartman to take us back to Hill Top.

All at once, I blurted out, "Miss Wray—I want you to know that I—that I've been a terrible fool and—I hate a fool!" The speech ended in a strangled sob and I gazed at her with brimming eyes.

Kindliness and sympathy shone in every line of her face that I had thought so hard and ugly; it was beautiful to me then. "All of us do foolish things, dear," she said calmly. "What's on your mind?"

"It's Jim Hartman—" I began when she interrupted.

"I guess I know," she said. "That's why I came here today—to find out about him."

I told her of the overheard conversation in the store. "I don't want to go back to Hill Top," I asserted vehemently.

She put a firm hand over mine and said, "Forget it, dear, for the present," looking beyond me to the entrance. "Here's Mr. Hartman now. On the minute."

Jim was walking briskly toward us, smiling.

Never had I been on a lovelier drive than the one returning to Hill Top that afternoon. I did no talking, but Jim didn't notice it, for he talked all the time himself; about the gorgeous scenery, unsurpassed anywhere in America, he said, or even in the world; he pointed out special points of interest.

For the first time in my life, I really began to see the beauties around me and to appreciate the great panoramas of stupendous loveliness and grandeur that changed at every turn of the road. I had heard the ladies at the Mayfair hotel rave over our scenery, but when one has known a thing all one's life, and nothing else, you just don't notice the scenery.

I noticed that day, coming back from Asheville. As we reached the very top peak of the mountain range over which the concrete highway ran along so easily; it was a big world that spread out before me, range on range, tier on tier of mountains, all aflame with brilliant autumnal glory, in the waning light of the setting sun, until they merged into the very clouds on the horizon. A vague awe of it seized me; nothing I had ever felt before.

The soft evening mists, reflecting rainbow colors from the radiant sunset, trailed up the hills beyond the blue smoke drifting in the valleys. Those limitless waves must lead on and on, to the end of the world, I thought.

How I had longed to go into the faraway silence, to know the thrilling wonders of that outer world—beyond! But the charm of it had faded, like the rainbow mists as the sun sank lower.

Suddenly one thought possessed me; that this is a gloriously beautiful world in which I lived, and it was *my* world. I was part of its heartbeat; these mountains had been my cradle. Here is where I belonged! I thrilled at the glad wonder of it; a strange new peace and joy surged through me and I knew that, at last, I was finding myself in the scheme of things.

Going to Asheville, only that morning, I had viewed the same scenery but through the fog of a false delightful romantic glamor that Jim Hartman's presence and nearness cast over me. Returning, I was just as near him—but the spell had been broken and I was free! My soul didn't forget to thank God either —and Miss Wray, and Ma's many daily prayers, with her dear old eyes closed and her hand on the Bible and her lips moving silently.

At Hill Top, when Jim stopped in front of the cabin where Vi and I had lived, Miss Wray said, "We want you to come in a few minutes, Mr. Hartman. Milly and I have something to say to you."

At that second, Jim Hartman knew that we had heard things. I marveled at his poise and even more at his confident, careless answers to Miss Wray's terse and pointed accusations, for she did not mince words.

"Milly and I understand—no matter how or where—a very pertinent fact, Mr. Hartman, that you are a married man."

Jim smiled; I thought he was going to laugh out loud. "Did I say I wasn't a married man?" he asked, lighting a cigarette.

"Our girls in the mountains do not go around with married men," she replied.

He seemed amused. "Really?" he queried.

Then Jim stood erect and very still, gazing at me, tossing the freshly lighted cigarette out of the door and putting both hands in his trouser pockets; not a muscle of his handsome face or taut body bespoke anything but self-confidence and determination.

"You force my hand, prematurely," he said, talking to Miss Wray but still gazing at me. "What business is it of yours, I don't know or care. I don't mind telling Milly, here and now, that while I have a wife at present, there's a definite divorce in the offing and later I want to marry her. Under certain conditions."

The abruptness fairly took my breath, but apparently did not surprise Miss Wray. "Milly is a fine girl," she said. "Any man would be proud of her. May I ask—what conditions?"

"Do they concern you?" he countered, still not looking at her.

"They do indeed. I am Welfare Officer in this District and Milly is under my jurisdiction," she informed him, crisply. "North Carolina has many Welfare Officers."

He didn't seem to mind. He went on, "Well, you must know that I am a man of the world, and I am going to be a very rich man. My wife will have a position to maintain. Milly has good blood. I want her to go to school in a city, to travel, to equip herself. She can do it. It's in her. If I didn't know that, I would not plan. I'll be a rich man, Milly," he repeated, "and I want you to share my wealth with me."

We were all standing in the middle of the small cabin; hadn't bothered to sit down. Miss Wray turned to me as though expecting me to say something.

"Where is this great wealth to some from?" I asked.

His handsome face beamed. "From right out of these mountains," he declared.

Miss Wray cut in, "Then what we heard is true. That you are exploiting the mountain people and their fine handcraft work." *(Continued on page 52)*

Autumn in a Garden

This is the way that summer went—
Last night I heard her farewell call;
And now the flowers in the sun
Are splashed with autumn's gypsy shawl.

A lonesome wind moans through the trees
With music old as time's refrain;
And leaves, as bright as butterflies,
Come slowly down like golden rain.

The garden spider's thin spun lace
Embroiders each brown blade and root
Beneath the twisted apple tree
Bent with its wealth of crimson fruit.

The summer went so quietly—
I grieved to hear her farewell call.
But look what fall has brought to me—
This flame vine on my garden wall!

William Arnette Wofford

DR. FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN
FOUNDER OF MORAL REARMAMENT

© WIDE WORLD

What Is MORAL REARMAMENT

By Marc A. Rose

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Oxford Group has taken on a new significance through its world-wide campaign for Moral Rearmament. We believe this article to be an unbiased appraisal of that movement, but the editors do not necessarily agree with all the opinions expressed.*

HOLLYWOOD humbly took a lesson in showmanship one night last summer.

Four symbolic pillars of light reared themselves against the starlit sky over Hollywood Bowl. As 30,000 spectators watched, the searchlights dimmed, and to the skirl of a band of bagpipers, an international column of men and women marched in behind the massed flags of their nations. During the long meeting that followed, a Japanese shook hands on the great rostrum with a young woman from Shanghai; the head of the teamsters' union fraternized with the head of their bitter opponents, California's organized farmers; a leader of London's unemployed spoke, as did the former head of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. A negro woman spoke, and a screen actress; a baroness, and Ruth St. Denis, the dancer.

Warm letters were read from President Roosevelt, from Henry Ford, from the governors of twenty-five states and the mayors of more than forty cities. And from notables in the arts, the professions and business, here and in Europe.

"Tonight," said the principal speaker, the boss and the inspiration of this imposing show, "you witness the preview of a new world order."

Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman talks like that. Moral Rearmament, he says, will regenerate the world. He has some reason so to believe. In a year, it has swept across Britain, arousing a fervor and enthusiasm which mark it as one of the most conspicuous religious movements of modern times. It has spread its influence to 50 nations. The tremendous rally in Hollywood Bowl was the climax of a campaign in the United States that progressed from a meeting that drew 12,000 in Madison Square Garden, New York, in a steady crescendo as it moved westward.

Moral Rearmament is a new garb for the Oxford Group, now twenty years old. The term, originated by an obscure writer and appropriated by the Group, is a new sales slogan designed to catch a timely market. England, faced by the dictators' tremendous war machine, frantically redoubled her efforts to build planes and guns. But guns will not solve this sick world's problems.

"The crisis is fundamentally a moral one," said Dr. Buchman. "The nation must rearm morally. Imagine a rising tide of absolute honesty and absolute unselfishness sweeping across every country. . . . It would be the end of war."

That was said on May 28, 1938, a date that Buchman's followers believe will become historic. But it was after the terror of the autumn crisis and the humiliation of Munich that Moral Rearmament began to snowball followers. Millions of Englishmen were groping for something to hold on to—some spiritual leadership, some inspiration that offered hope and self-respect. The mood was epitomized by the young man who wrote to The London Times, "We young people of England have nothing to live for, and what is worse, nothing worth dying for."

Moral Rearmament offered leadership, a hope and a way out. And it offered escape from the contemplation of well-nigh unendurable realities.

Thirty-three Members of Parliament issued a manifesto, saying "something of

this kind is urgently required." Earl Baldwin and eighteen other peers, admirals, generals and dignitaries generally, came out almost at once with a statement that "the real need of the day is moral and spiritual rearmament." Showers of testimonials and endorsements followed, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other church and labor leaders, newspaper proprietors, and—highly effective in a nation of sports worshipers—famous athletes. "Bunny" Austin, Davis Cup match player and the idol of young England, wrote a little testimony of his own, added all the other endorsements, and turned out a book which sold a half million copies and was translated into seven languages, including the Arabic.

Moral Rearmament was boosting British morale, and seeing this, eager hands were stretched out to help. For instance, the use of 10,000 prominent billboards was donated to the cause, and advertising for Moral Rearmament was printed on the tops of 5,000,000 milk bottles. Buses gave preferred space for cards; 20,000 shopkeepers put up posters. Moral Rearmament stamps appeared on half a million letters in England.

Crowds of 40,000 at football matches sat patiently while Bunny Austin and famous footballers made talks on Moral Rearmament. These talks were in terms of the current crisis but the emphasis was placed on the necessity of "changing" individual lives (preferably distinguished ones) and bringing about a better society through regenerated men and women. They pointed out that all panaceas and compromises had failed to create a new world order and that only God-guided individuals could do the job.

Not England alone felt the quickening. Moral Rearmament won a strong following in Holland, and the Queen on several occasions has publicly endorsed the movement. The Scandinavian nations developed a considerable enthusiasm. Moral Rearmament is credited with helping to bring about better relations among them. For example, one of the journalists most active in stirring up ill feeling between Norway and Denmark was influenced by Moral Rearmament to apologize publicly and to mend his ways. It is asserted flatly that in South Africa the movement is responsible for the marked improvement in the relations between the Boer and the English-speaking factions which recently were tearing the country apart with their rows.

The message with which MRA seeks to guide a groping world is, for all its careful invention of a new vocabulary, at least as old as Christianity. The only sure foundation for world peace and world happiness is for men to lead good lives. If all men will be good, there will be no wars, justice will be done at home and abroad, and all of us will find happiness.

That has been said before, but seldom with such salesmanship. The Oxford Group has taken full advantage of every modern facility to put its message across. Its press department is completely manned and alert, quick to accommodate reporters with prepared announcements and copies of speeches and statements. Its enthusiasts built up keen newsstand interest in *The Rising Tide*, a 50-page pictorial history, by approaching dealers before copies were due and advising them to stock heavily. The actual sale, reported at several million, was less than 50,000.

Sound the Charge

By Berton Braley

Anywhere, so it be forward!"
  Words like a trumpeter's blast
Urging us out of the shadows of doubt
  Out of the spell of the past;
Summons that wakens the spirit
  Challenge that quickens the feet;
"Anywhere, so it be forward,"
  Never to turn or retreat!

Here is no counsel of caution,
  Here is no whisper of fear,
This is a brave, undefeatable stave
  Ringing out valiant and clear;
"Anywhere, so it be forward"—
  Start from wherever you are
Lift up your eyes to the sign in the skies,
  Follow the trail of your star!

On through the mists of the future,
  On where the distances gleam,
Though you be chasing a rainbow,
  Though you be questing a dream;
Leave the dead sunsets behind you
  March—with your face to the dawn,
"Anywhere, so it be forward"
  "On" say the trumpets, "go on!"

The Buchmanites studiedly shun the religious terms which, by reason of familiarity and by reason of controversial associations which have grown up around them, might be obstacles in the way of prospective adherents.

Thus, new members are not "converted"; they are "changed." They do not "confess"; they "share." The Buchmanites' "quiet time" is close kin to the "retreat" and even closer to Quaker worship.

The striking emblem of MRA is four pillars upholding the three letters The pillars represent the "four Absolutes," "Absolute Purity, Absolute Honesty, Absolute Love and Absolute Unselfishness." Toward these absolutes, the faithful group member strives. He must confess his sins, thoroughly and publicly. Then he must apply the four absolutes to his daily life, and he must begin at home. He cannot help others until he is honest with himself.

The follower will seek God's guidance, and by this, the Buchmanites mean direct, personal messages telling the devout whom he shall see today, what he shall say to him, where to go, and even what to wear.

There is no formal creed, no explicit theology. Unlike most religious movements which have reached such proportions, the Group has developed no great spokesman. The technique is not that of the great revivalists at all. There are no orations at its rallies. One group member after another (they travel in "teams" of four to dozens) arises to tell how the movement reached him, and how he has been "changed." He tells how much MRA has meant to him, but never tells just what MRA is. Dr. Buchman, be it explained, does not count much on public meetings except as a means of making contacts. The real work of winning converts is done in smaller, more intimate gatherings—preferably the famous "house parties."

There are no "churches" or fixed meeting places; apparently the movement owns no property; there is no formal organization at all; the Group functions without directors, trustees, vestrymen, clergymen, or even committees. And no treasurer. The collection plate is never seen. MRA workers, from Dr. Buchman down, live at the best hotels, ride the best liners in the finest suites, surround themselves with a luxury that is obvious if not, indeed, ostentatious. Yet money is never mentioned. Nobody knows where the Group's ample funds actually come from, nobody accounts for them. Presumably rich sympathizers contribute quietly. Members of the Group make sacrifices. One Englishman sold his estate and went to live in a flat, being guided to give the bulk of his funds to the cause. Others have cashed insurance policies and annuities in order to help support the far-flung work. Dr. Buchman, who has had no income for twenty years and lives entirely on faith, does not worry about such matters. "Where God guides, he provides," is one of the typical Buchmanisms.

"F. B." as he likes to be called, the man who, admirers say, is to be ranked as one of the great leaders of our age, is no dramatic figure. He is tall enough, thick-set but not paunchy, painstakingly scrubbed and carefully turned out. He is baldish. A sharp nose above a small mouth gives a shrewd look to a plump, round face. A bachelor, he looks content with himself and his surroundings. You don't talk to him; he talks to you. It's pretty hard to interrupt. His personal and aggressive manner is not always popular. A new convert once said to Buchman, "I must share with you that I do not like your personality."

He was born in Pennsylvania 61 years ago, and certainly nobody would have guessed that *(Continued on page 49)*

By FLORENCE BROWN

What helped me most in THE BIBLE

WHEN I was a very small girl my mother and I read from the Bible every night. For long periods it and the Almanac, with of course my school books, were our only reading matter.

The Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm were Mother's favorite chapters in the Bible. These she used in prayer and in daily life. They naturally became mine too. Even when I was still small, working in the fields, the blistering sun beating down on my back and shoulders, I often repeated to myself when it seemed all endurance had forsaken me:

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."
"He leadeth me beside still waters.

It seemed to actually cool the heat of the sun and give me courage to go on. Into my childish heart stole visions of cool shady dells beside placid streams, and I was rested.

Once in Western North Carolina, in a mountain cabin, far from human habitation, my father was called away for a few days, leaving Mother alone with me and my baby sister. She awoke one night and heard a panther on a distant mountain. Very frightened, she arose and went out and piled some poles and fence rails on top of the chimney which was low, in hope of making it safe for us if the panther should come. In the house, everything movable was piled against the door. Then she knelt by the bed and prayed.

I was so frightened, I could think of nothing but the Twenty-third Psalm. I repeated it over and over. Soon I felt a deep content. In fact I fell asleep. When I awoke next morning, the world was bathed in a glorious flood of bright golden sunshine. Our fears of the night before were as nothing now.

The years rolled on and children of my own clambered around my knees. Storm clouds often hung low, but I repeated:

"Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me,"

and my soul was comforted. When friends forsook me, I remembered these words:

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointeth my head with oil. My cup runneth over,"

and I always wound up by saying to myself, "How can one ever forget these blessed words? Every statement a promise from God!

Then in middle life I found myself alone with a young daughter to support and educate. My older children were married and gone. I was lonely and melancholy, but I went to a distant city and secured congenial employment. I found great happiness in my work and in seeing my lovely daughter bloom into a beautiful young woman. Always I said to God, "My cup (of joy) runneth over, surely. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." Now the storms of life seem to have passed me by after years of struggle and I am enjoying peace and happiness. My cup of joy runneth over. And my heart is filled with a desire to advise my brothers and sisters to just try the Twenty-third Psalm. It's good to live by. Every promise is contained there, and can be applied in any emergency. It will help a brother in distress by reaching out a helping hand and rekindling within a lonely heart a ray of hope.

The greatest joy is in giving. If it is only a smile to a poor little lonely boy who has no mother; whose clothes are soiled and torn; whose heart cries out for tenderness and love while he bravely tries to hold back the tears and cover up his emotion because "tain't manly to cry." Put your arms around him. Give him a hug and tell him you love big manly boys such as he is. He'll never forget it, and in after years the memory of it may come to him just in time to save him from some grave offense.

One of my young neighbors suddenly lost her husband. Two very small children were left. They were practically penniless and without food, in a small log cabin. The husband had eked out a living doing odd jobs and working his poor little farm. I decided to forget my worries and go over to see the widow one day. One of the babies was ill. I did what I could to make the child comfortable, meanwhile repeating the Twenty-third Psalm.

Then I hurried home and sent over milk and other food. After seeing someone so much worse off than I, all at once my home and family seemed the most wonderful in the world. I prayed all night for my little neighbor and her two babies. I repeated my Twenty-third Psalm and affirmed that He would guide me to a permanent and substantial help for them. In the night a great feeling of joy stole over me. I had thought of a plan whereby I might find the solution! I said nothing about it, but hurried through my work next morning and went over to see my neighbor again. I could see she was much happier and the sick child was improved. I took over some fresh eggs and a jug of milk. Pouring out a cup of the milk I held it to the baby's mouth. It drank heartily and such a sigh of contentment came from that little heart!

I turned to Mrs. Swan and said, "Hilda, have you any relatives anywhere?"

"No," she replied. "None that I know of. Why?"

I said, "Perhaps if you have they can help you."

She shook her head.

"Surely your mother had some relations somewhere," I insisted.

She thought a moment, then walked over to an old trunk in the corner of the cabin and took from it a yellowed envelope.

"My mother," she recalled, "had a brother out West. But it is many years since she heard from him. This is the only letter he ever wrote to her." She handed me the envelope. I asked if I might take it home with me and write to him. She assented but thought it useless. Besides, she was too proud to accept anything from relatives.

I hurried home and wrote to the post-office indicated in the letter. Then I waited with confidence and cheerfully kept in touch with my neighbor, doing all I could for her. Now, other neighbors were helping too.

I prayed constantly, using the Twenty-third Psalm. At last a letter came from California. The uncle was old and lonely. He would be delighted to have his niece and her children come into his home, to stay and make it their home too. He would pay their fare and furnish expense money for the trip! Running to my neighbor, I handed her the letter. She read it and then put her arms around me and said, "God bless you. How did you ever think of doing this for me?"

I replied that I prayed and asked God to guide me to a way to help her.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," she repeated solemnly but happy. I was so happy I went into my room when I returned home and knelt down and thanked God for His goodness and mercy which had followed us all our lives.

Education Old and New

By VIOLET K. LIBBY

IN THE picturesque old city of Annapolis, on a campus shaded by magnificent trees, stand the handsome Georgian buildings of ancient St. John's College. Only Harvard and William and Mary are older than this school, which can trace its beginnings to 1696, and can proudly claim as one of its alumni, graduated in 1796, Francis Scott Key, the author of The Star Spangled Banner. The school was well known to George Washington, and when he was arranging for the education of his adopted son, it was to St. John's that he sent the young George Washington Parke Custis.

In this historic setting a so-called "New Program" of education is being developed, which paradoxically enough is a return to the old system under which the earliest American citizens were trained. The modern "elective" system is discarded, and in its place is offered a rigid course based on the study of some hundred great books from the Greeks up to the present time. The avowed intention of the college is to offer young Americans a sound education based on a thorough grounding in the great classics which have been the fountain head of all modern knowledge.

For over 2,000 years education was carried on along certain simple, well-defined lines. An educated man was one who had acquired the "liberal arts," which meant a thorough grounding in the grammar of language and in the logic of mathematical reasoning, and a study of the great classics, from the Bible and Homer to Euclid and Newton.

The system involved a rigorous mental discipline and developed the art of hard thinking. For hundreds of years it varied little in fundamentals. The Founding Fathers were grounded in the same great classics that had served as the basis of knowledge for centuries, and the men who wrote the Constitution stand as witnesses that the system did indeed produce free minds capable of clear, decisive thinking.

In the nineteenth century, with the rapid growth of popular education, there came a decisive change. Under the elective system which became the vogue, the student was allowed to choose what he would or would not study. Being human, he naturally preferred the easiest way, and avoided as far as possible the courses that involved undue exertion or hard thinking. To satisfy the demand for quick and easy learning, colleges came to offer a bewildering assortment of specialized tidbits of learning done up in a variety of attractive packages.

Progressive educators have realized that under this system the student leaves college with a mass of more or less unrelated information which he is unable to interpret correctly because he has never had the fundamental training which would have developed in him a well disciplined mind and a greater intellectual capacity. To put it in another way, they believe the elective system has come to resemble an attempt to build a good house without first laying a sound foundation.

To combat what were felt to be some of these obvious ills of American education, Professor Robert Maynard Hutchins, several years ago, set up at Chicago a "Committee on the Liberal Arts," and with the help of some of the country's most progressive teachers set out to discover what a college should offer for a sound liberal education.

When St. John's College found itself floundering in a period of uncertainty and dissatisfaction with its curriculum, it turned to this committee for advice, and as a result it was resolved to reorganize the College along the lines laid down in its original charter, and to install a course of education similar to that which had served the Founding Fathers so well.

One of the members of the Committee, Stringfellow Barr, became its new President; another, Scott Buchanan, its Dean, with Professor Hutchins himself as chairman of the Board of Governors. While other Universities, notably Chicago, Columbia and Virginia, have contributed to the making of the "New Program," St. John's is the first to dedicate itself completely to what many have supposed to be a radically new system.

It seems something more than a coincidence that the opportunity should have arisen for the development of this program in a spot so rich in historical associations, and with a time-mellowed beauty and dignity akin to that of the ancient centers of learning.

When George Washington sent his adopted son to St. John's, it already had behind it a hundred years of educational tradition. It had been started in 1696, by Francis Nicholson, founder of the College of William and Mary in Virginia, who became colonial governor of Maryland when Annapolis was the newly chosen capital of the state.

The story goes that, after providing 300 pounds from his own pocket, he looked around for further funds. On Kent Island, in Chesapeake Bay, lived a wealthy Englishman, formerly an indentured servant, who was reputed to have built up his fortune by carrying on a thriving business in smuggled rum from this strategic spot outside Annapolis Harbor. From him the Governor somehow managed to extract 150 pounds, and with this additional help the school was launched as King William's School.

It flourished in a modest and uneventful way until the Revolution, when every young Colonial of spirit hastened to lay down his books and exchange his studies of Latin and Greek for the more stirring life of the Revolutionary Army. As soon as the war was over, it entered on a new phase.

The builders of the new nation were very much alive to the necessity of education if the republic and its free institutions were to survive. Three signers of the Declaration of Independence had lived in Annapolis, and it is small wonder that the always-progressive Maryland Legislature soon turned to the matter of reorganizing the old school.

The State found that it had on its hands, within a stone's throw of the Capitol, the shell of a noble Georgian build-

The campus of St. John's College at Annapolis. In the Administrative Building, in the center of the picture—originally built by a former royal governor of Maryland—is the galleried Great Hall, with colonial draperies and antique prints and pictures

ing, planned as a Governor's mansion by a former royal Governor, and then abandoned for lack of funds. Bladen's Folly, as it was called, was turned over to become the administration building of what was now to be called St. John's College, in which the old King William's School, its property and its century-old library, were incorporated.

With an appropriation from the state, the College was launched on the second phase of its existence, with a charter which stated the function of such an institution: "To train up and perpetuate a succession of able and honest men for discharging the various offices and duties of life, both civil and religious, with usefulness and reputation."

In those few words was summed up the whole purpose of a college education, as men like George Washington saw it. To the sponsors of the "New Program," that should still be the fundamental purpose of such an institution; and they believe that it can best be carried out through such a course of training as they are developing at St. John's.

What is the "New Program," and how does it work?

It is based on a belief that a sound education can only be acquired through an understanding of the great source books of human knowledge, and that, as someone has said, Faraday's "Experimental Researches into Electricity" cannot be understood without previous mastery of Euclid's "Elements of Geometry," and that the study of sociology begins with Plato's Republic.

The "New Program" then, arranges a course of study in chronological order of one hundred of these great classic source books, with reading and discussion of the books in seminars, formal lectures on special topics, tutorials and laboratory work. Languages, Greek, Latin, French and German, are studied in the same chronological order.

The freshman starts with the Greek classics, of which there are nineteen in the list. The books are studied in English, but during the year he is expected to acquire a working knowledge of the Greek language, through an intensive drilling in the fundamentals of grammar, and later by translating, unaided, himself, with the help of a dictionary.

In his sophomore year the student takes up the Roman and medieval writers, with Latin as his language study. From that he goes on to the classic authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with French as the accompanying language. The fourth year carries the student from Voltaire up to Freud, and in that year he learns German. In his laboratory work the student begins by learning to demonstrate for himself the basic principles of mathematics, and later works out, as far as possible with equipment he has made himself, the crucial experiments of historic and contemporary science.

Space does not permit the inclusion here of the whole list of one hundred great books, selected after much thought and discussion by the Committee; and a few picked at random hardly give a fair picture of what is essentially a carefully planned chronological program. But perhaps some indication of the scope of the field they cover may be given by a mention of certain of the authors selected.

In his first year the student reads the great Greek dramatists and philosophers, from a list headed by Homer, Plato and Aristotle. At the same time he lays the foundation for his mathematics and science in a study of Greek authors headed by Hippocrates and Euclid. His second year science includes Ptolemy, Galen, Copernicus, and Galileo, his third, Kepler, Harvey, Gilbert and Newton, and in his fourth he reaches the men whose researches were fundamental to the development of many fields of modern science—a list of eighteen, among whom the names of Faraday, Darwin, Virchow and Mendel are probably the most familiar.

In languages and literature his second year includes the reading of the Latin poets, Cicero, the Bible, Dante and Chaucer; while in the third he studies Cervantes, Shakespeare, Milton and a list of the great French and Dutch writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and makes acquaintance with Spinoza, Francis Bacon, Hobbes, Locke and Hume.

The inclusion of the Bible as part of the required course of study has caused considerable comment. The student at St. John's, reading and discussing in seminars the Bible and certain classic books on religious thought and history, receives a general and non-sectarian introduction to the study of theology, such as is offered in no other institution of this kind.

The educational influence of the Bible, the crucial and *(Continued on page 63)*

The right to be Generous

A Sermon by Dean Lynn Harold Hough, Th. D.

Drew Theological Seminary

MANY years ago John Ruskin wrote a powerful little book called "Unto This Last." In this volume he based his thoughts about political economy upon that right to be generous which the lord of the vineyard claimed for himself when he paid the man who had worked one hour as much as he had paid the man who worked through the long heat of the whole working day. In truth, the principle involved may be said to have been a favorite idea of Jesus'. He had it in mind when He advised those who would follow His teaching to go two miles if they were asked to go one mile, and to give two garments if they were asked for one. He had it in mind when He suggested to a disciple who wanted to reduce forgiveness to a matter of mathematics that he must be ready to forgive not seven times, but seventy times seven.

When He spoke of the lord of the vineyard, he was clearly thinking of God. And when He was describing the criticism of the workers in respect of their wages, He was clearly thinking of the fashion in which men find fault with God. There is something particularly appealing about the thought of God's defending His right to be generous, in the presence of men who wanted to reduce life to a formula of justice. The reply is in effect, "Yes, I will be just. But justice is not enough. I insist on my right to do more for men than they have a right to ask. I stand on my right to be generous."

We often declare that this universe is less than just. When the whole tale is told, Jesus would have us believe that it will turn out that justice is too small a word to describe God's treatment of men. The universe is built on a scale of vast generosity.

"The love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

That there is injustice and cruelty and oppressive and bitter hatred in the world is true enough. But that is because we know only a part of the story. When the tale of God's dealing with each individual spirit is told at last, it will be plain that God has been more than just. His vast generosity will be the quality which is then clearly seen.

If in the mist of the grim harshnesses of the world, this is hard to believe, Jesus has only one reply. And that reply is more than a word. It is a deed. It is a deed upon a cross. We cannot judge life truly if we ignore or forget the Figure upon the cross. We cannot judge God truly if we forget the Figure upon the cross. For at the cross you see the standard God set for Himself in His treatment of the world. Not until every human being has met a love as boundless and as willing to suffer as the love which Jesus revealed upon the cross will God have said His last word to men or have done His last deed for men.

This profound insistence that life is to be built upon something even more fundamental than justice is at the very heart of the teaching of Jesus. God, in His teaching, is generosity alive and on the throne, just as Jesus himself was generosity alive in the life of men.

It is of the utmost importance that this thought of God should be constantly dominant in our minds and masterful in our consciences and glowing in our hearts. By an inevitable movement we tend to become like the God we worship. And a living faith in the God who defends His right to be generous against the hard, calculating minds of men who would reduce all relationships to a mathematical rule, will make all the difference in our own lives.

It was some realization of this which sung itself into the words of James Russell Lowell in the "Vision of Sir Launfal":

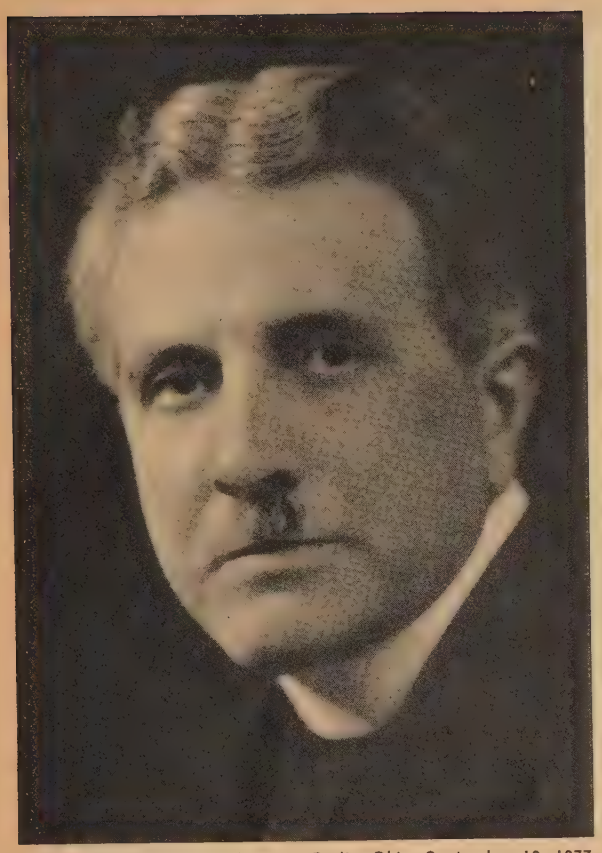
"For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Far more than we sometimes realize, men are ready to respond to what Ralph Waldo Emerson magnificently called "the manners of the sky." But it is at precisely this point that men's faith breaks down. They do not believe that the sky has any manners. They have come to live in a world of mechanical interaction and of biological impulse. They do not see that these things gain their significance from something within and beyond them. They do not see that everything at last finds its meaning in the realm of the spirit. They have lost the conscious God of perfect goodness and love out of their world. And having lost God they are in process of losing men. Unless we believe in good will back of the world we cannot continue to believe in good will in the world. Unless we believe in generosity on the throne of the universe, we cannot continue to believe in generosity in the life of man. The man who believes in the love which will not let him go is able to develop in his own heart the love which will not let other men go into ways of misery and tragedy while he can lend a helping hand.

It was not an accident that John Wesley laid down the maxim: "Give all you can." He worshiped a God who had actually given all that even He could. "He who spared not His own son" was the High Personality forever in command of the thought and the imagination of John Wesley.

Jean Valjean, in Victor Hugo's monumental work "Les Miserables," meets a man who staggers him by a fairly incredible generosity. The deed changes a man with a criminal's passport to a man who is able to live in a different world simply because he has become a different man. But the giver of the gift which broke the heart of selfishness in Jean Valjean was a good bishop, who himself had learned how to give because of the heartbreaking generosity of God.

The imitation of God is the originality of man, for it involves the actual achievement of going back to the great original. And the belief in the generosity of God is in its influence a kind of Magna Charta which releases a man from that slavish selfishness which dwarfs personality into



Lynn Harold Hough was born at Cadiz, Ohio, September 10, 1877. He graduated from Scio(Ohio) College in 1898, then entered the Methodist ministry. In 1905, following a pastorate at Arcola, New Jersey, he received the B.D. degree from Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. From 1904 to 1914, he held several important pastorates, the latest before the World War, being that of Mount Vernon Place Church, in Baltimore. He then became professor of Historical Theology at Garrett Biblical Institute, in Evanston, Illinois, and five years later became president of Northwestern University. After serving as pastor of two large churches—the Central M. E. Church in Detroit, and the American Presbyterian Church in Montreal, he became professor of Homiletics and the Christian Criticism of Life at Drew Seminary, and since 1934 has been Dean of the Seminary.

Dr. Hough is the author of a great many books, chiefly on religious subjects. He holds a number of honorary degrees, including Th. D., D.D., Litt. D., L.H.D., and LL. D. He is also a member of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, the Chicago Society for Biblical Research, and the Society of Midland Authors. He was married, on October 13, 1936, to Mrs. Blanche Horton Trowbridge.

"IT IS MY WILL TO GIVE UNTO THIS LAST, EVEN AS UNTO THEE."
—MATTHEW 20:14

the liberty which only comes when a man, too, acts on the principle expressed in the phrase, "the right to be generous."

The great gift is of course the gift of personality. We must go back to Lowell again for the phrase "The gift without the giver is bare." Really, you give just as much as you put yourself into. A man may give a large gift in such a fashion that the gift becomes an insult. It is cruelly casual. It is an escape from personal responsibility. It is a proud assertion of a person's self-consciousness. It is as selfish as the cat who was described as caressing *itself* against the hand of its friendly owner.

Or a gift may be warm with friendliness and good comradeship and understanding. It may be the expression of a willingness to bear burdens, of a desire to participate in the life of another. You have to open your gift and put your heart in it if it is to be the greatest sort of gift. So many gifts are like unlighted lamps. But there are gifts which come all bright and shining with an inner light. The fully generous man is one who is never able to give a gift without putting something of himself into the gift.

And the truly generous man is all the while sharing the thoughts which have brought radiance to his own life. It is not merely that they are thoughts. It is that they are *his* thoughts. It was this giving of self with speech that Phillips Brooks put into his famous definition of preaching as truth given through personality. The very greatest preaching is done of the most unselfish things in all the world. The preacher offers tissues torn from his own mind for the feeding of the world. And like the artist in Olive Schreiner's little book, who made an unequalled red by using his own blood, the great writer gives of his own life every time he writes. But the everyday conversations which are memorable have also this very quality of mental generosity. You always love to talk with people who know how to give themselves when they speak.

The gift of time is a superb gift if you put yourself into it. So many people send their bodies to particular engagements and then slip away with their minds. They are literally absent-minded in their relations with people to whom they fondly suppose they are nobly giving themselves. Five minutes of the time of a man who makes every minute sparkle with the presence of his personality is worth five hours with a man who makes physical presence an excuse for mental absence. There are men who send their bodies with their wives to evening entertainments, who have never learned how to go themselves. It is sometimes rather terrible to see these uninhabited bodies sitting stiffly at some symphony concerts.

In a sense, all this generous giving has one curious secret. It represents the spot in a man's experience where selfishness becomes unselfish. A man learns to find himself in the happiness of others. He learns to complete his own experiences in the experiences of others. He is grateful to them for letting him discover and complete the meaning of his own life in their lives and in their experiences. So he is actually present in all his generous unselfishness just because in forgetting himself he becomes his noblest self. At every point in generosity he is living a richer and more complete life than can be lived by the man who withdraws into his own interests and plans and shuts other men out.

We may say that it is the development of glorious powers of imagination which makes great generosity possible. The affairs of others actually become as real to you as your own affairs. Their thoughts become as real as your own thoughts, their tragedies as real as your own tragedies.

The giving which gladly suffers is the most amazing generosity of all. Without it you have the mere giving of the body to be burned which Paul condemned. It is the glad gift of vicarious pain which changes the world. "Let me suffer with you," says the God of the Incarnation. "Let me be wounded by the sword which pierces your breast," says the great Brother of men.

In this high sense the right to be generous is God's supreme assertion of the right of love. And in some true reflection of the manners of God lies the generosity of man.

PERSPECTIVE

Riding through the clouds today
Across the summer sky
The world looked very orderly
As I was passing by.

So straight the streets, so square the farms
It almost seemed to me
An architect had planned the way
That every town should be.

Yet walking up and down the earth
I've sometimes been confused
By carelessness of small design
The building men have used.

So maybe criss-cross ways of life,
And things that people do
Are circumspect and orderly
From some remoter view.

By Helen Welshimer

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Which Way America?

THE bloody die is cast.

Which way America?

First let it be the way of repentance. We too have sinned. With all others who took the vow to end war, we failed—failed God, ourselves, and the unborn generations. Chiefly, it is our sin as Americans that we did not really try. We turned away from the incompleted task. We left our holy dead in France and forgot "that blood-red Flanders sod." The Treaty of Versailles was never peace. Always it was war. We helped make the treaty but declined to assist a groping world remake it. We had our negative part in the lost opportunity for appeasement. We had our share in the destruction of the German republic. We helped make Hitler. Unpaid war debts can never excuse our failure. Let our way now be the way of humility and repentance. God of Justice and of Truth, Christ of Love and Brotherhood, forgive us.

Which way America?

It is not the way of isolation. Let us now and forever renounce that delusion. We are in the world and the world rocks again in a cataclysmic war. We are in! Every note of the government, every message of the President, every debate on the floor of Congress, every neutrality act, every embargo and every protest against the conflict proves our identification with the event.

Which way America?

GOD forbid that it should become the way of armed participation. There can be no profit for us morally or materially and there can be no strength for democracy in sending American men or American ships into the physical conflict. Certainly we face, and dare not do less than face, the dreadful potentialities of the horror now loosed upon our generation. Presently we may be challenged by the decisions of a defensive conflict. America's way is clearly the way of spiritual and physical preparedness. But until our frontiers are menaced, our shores threatened, let us stand fast upon our favored continent.

Which way America?

Let it be a way of generosity and of sacrifice. For us let no suspicion or shadow of greed ever attach to these days. Let no profiteers fatten upon this cruel feast. Let no merchants of death ever again make of youth's dying cries a song of economic revelry.

Which way America?

Let it be the way of the Christian Church. Never again can the Church bless war itself and be worthy of survival. The Christian Church must denounce the war method and those who invoke it. But the Christian Church must also comfort and strengthen her children. To the men on every front, under every flag, dying in the line of duty as they believe it and to every conscientious objector suffering the double pangs of renunciation and revilement, the Church must minister in the peace and power of Christ. For the Church there is no isolation and no room for a negative pacifism. We are all in this war. Every word spoken against Hitler's mad course—against his persecution of Christians and of Jews, against his violation of international honor and of his own pledged word, his liquidation of small states that has contributed in whatever degree to this crisis has burdened you and has burdened me with moral responsibility for the crisis. You may not go to the colors, you may refuse military service, but you have helped to send others.

Which way America?

Let it be a planned way. To save America we must serve the world, but how may we best serve? A generation ago President Wilson's "Fourteen Points" were the hope for a real and lasting peace. The Versailles Treaty destroyed their promise, but in that same promise is humanity's hope today. Let America propose now a plan and support it with her treasure and her life:

First, there can be no just, lasting peace without a world state or its equivalent; without a world program for the adjudication of world affairs and without a concert of nations for the administration internationally of protective police powers. Let America pledge herself now to that. Briand of France and Stresemann of Germany were the prophets of a new era for Europe when they declared their support for a United States of Europe. Let America become now the prophet of a new era for all the world. We have trusted peace to an accident or a miracle, but peace has a price that must be paid.

Second, there can be no just, lasting peace without the end of colony ownership or control, by a single nation or by an empire and without the opening of national economic frontiers. With free access to the world's national wealth, colonies or mandates of so-called backward peoples should be administered by a world state or within collective responsibility. Such administration would not affect the status of free states, however small, or of dominions within an empire. It would remove the major causes of armed conflict and help bring under control national rivalries. Always there should be a proper regard for tariffs to protect national living standards and as an incentive to raise these standards in socially backward countries.

The President's Message on Sunday September 3rd was most admirable; It made articulate the Spirit of America. Now the nation would unitedly support a nonpartisan advisory council made up of its most distinguished leaders from all parties who would become a Coalition Peace Cabinet. Such a Cabinet would function in the spirit of the President's message to create America's Constructive program for Peace.

Peace has a price. Let America discover now the price she must pay and then manfully offer the bond. Hitler can be defeated and the totalitarian paganisms he has united can be destroyed, but only by justice and democracy internationally applied and only in the spirit of the world's supreme Realist who said "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword" and "Love your enemies."

The world has tried every other way than the way of Christ. Countless times man has come to the end of the trail with traditional, power statesmanship. Countless times he has trusted his fears and mixed his peace with his hates. Once again he faces a catastrophe which if completed will for a thousand years wreck the race.

Which way America?

DANIEL A. POLING

ONE OF THE THATCHED COTTAGES AT BUCKLAND, ABSOLUTELY UNTROUBLED BY CHANGE

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré Morrow

Doing One's Bit

A FEW miles from my home in Devon, on the edge of the moors, there is a cluster of thatched houses, bordering a noisy little stream. There are steep hills on either side of the stream, thickly grown with gigantic beeches which overarch the road as well as the stream and the cottages. At the top of the hill which is directly above the bridge, is an ancient grey stone church, of fourteenth century vintage. The church is in excellent repair and a well-known citizen of this part of Devon has in recent years, done over the clock tower. He has restored the faces in the usual black and gold, making but one change in the old convention of measuring the passage of time. Instead of figures running from one to twelve, he has used letters; and these spell the legend, "To My Dear Mother."

This is one of the spots I always try to show American visitors. It is almost the only place I know about in Devon which is absolutely untroubled by modern change. One comes upon it quite unexpectedly. The road winds steeply down and round a curve and there lies a bit of ancient England, perfect as a painter's dream. My guests always cry out and always ask for a pause on the little bridge and usually take photographs. But no photograph can give the atmosphere of this peace-hallowed spot.

Last week, I drove a visitor to Buckland. He exclaimed with pleasure over the cluster of houses but, unique among all my personally conducted tourists, he was not touched by the clock inscription.

"My mother and I never got on well," he said, casually. "She neglected me. Just because a woman bears a child is no proof that she's an adequate mother."

I didn't try to argue with him. I've learned not to get heated up about intangibles. I just looked up at the clock and thought a Thank you! to the man who had put that legend on its face, and we drove on. For, of course, most of us who glance at that church tower to get the time of day, are instantly put in touch with all that should be sweetest in our memories. And I think for most of us, too, the clock is a reminder that there were many, many things we left unsaid that we might have said to that dear mother, to remind her that we were grateful and appreciative and understanding. I'm certain that the "My dear Mother" of Buckland clock tower, wherever she abides in the world beyond, feels a thrill of joy whenever she thinks about her son's lovely tribute to her. And I'm certain, too, that with rare exceptions, not one of us but wishes we, ourselves, could have conceived so perfect an idea.

I am not having anywhere near my usual number of American callers this year and I miss them. The war fear has been responsible, I suppose. What a relief it will be when all return to the ways of peace! Penn, my daughter, is getting a large dose of war atmosphere, for she is acting as secretary, (unpaid) to a section of the Women's War Service organization, here. English women in their quiet way, are extraordinarily efficient, and Penn is learning a great deal about how to carry on competently with a minimum of fuss.

At this moment in the world's state of strain, I am a little uncertain as to what I can do as my share of helping. Two of my English friends have urged me to go over the United States and give talks about England's position in the recent events. It is felt here that America seriously misjudges the British point of view. When I explained that I only know the point of view of this small fishing town, my friends assure me that that's quite good enough! What I feel myself is that the democracies don't need more lecturers but more leaders! I have no quarrel with the men who are trying to lead the democracies' foreign policies. I couldn't do any of their jobs if I had one! But what I do know is that we are utterly without a great moral pilot. And this world predicament is fundamentally neither economic nor political. It is a moral crisis. We need a leader who can rise above all national and racial prejudices, a leader who, as nearly as a human being may, sees man as God sees him. Ah! for an Abraham Lincoln.

But one humbly does one's little possible. There will be 2000 children billeted in our town, in case of war; they will be evacuated from London and each of us will be given a quota to house and feed. The Government will allow us five shillings (a dollar and twenty-five cents) a week to feed each child one is given. It's not going to be a very gay party! But it will be thrillingly interesting if one can forget the implications; which, of course, one cannot.

Last Saturday, at the request of the local leader of the Salvation Army, I turned the key in the lock and opened the door of the redecorated Army hall here. Then I was asked to make a little address to the one hundred or so people who had gathered for the occasion. I had the pleasure of telling them about my acquaintanceship with General Evangeline Booth, when we both were in the United States. Just as I began to speak, a tiny girl started toward the platform with a huge bouquet for me. As she reached the steps, she realized that all eyes were upon her and burst into tears. I ran down the steps and comforted her as best I could, then went on with my talk. So the usual informal atmosphere of a Salvation Army meeting was achieved and we all enjoyed ourselves. The band is famous in this part of Devon, and we had some glorious music and the bandmaster and the Adjutant spoke. It was good, old-fashioned, evangelistic religion, and I liked it. It would be a wonderful world if politics never had been invented.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

October, 1939

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1

A NEW START.

"ALL THINGS ARE BECOME NEW."
READ II CORINTHIANS 5:12-21.

"EVERY day is a new beginning; every morn is the world made new." So sings one of the poets. Here is a new day, a new week, a new month. And even though we start the last quarter of the year, it is still a new start. Suppose we search and try our ways, and return to the Lord? Suppose we take stock of ourselves again? We have not done all we hoped this year; certainly not all we promised. But be that as it may, there is no reason why we should not make a fresh beginning, and put into our work and service for the world something more worthy of those who have been so richly blessed. Through the inspiration of Christ, make a new start.

Grant unto us Thy grace, that we may so fill every day with high purpose and noble effort that we may be found growing in grace, and in worth to Thee. Through Jesus, our Lord, Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2

FILLING ONE'S NICHE.

"THAT YE MAY STAND PERFECT AND COMPLETE."
READ COLOSSIANS 2:1-10.

IN THE cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, the barrier across the chancel is unique. It is adorned with a series of statuettes, each set in a niche. These represent the greatest man of every century of the Christian era. The first is Paul, then Clement of Alexandria, right on to Columbus, Cranmer, Shakespeare, Washington, and Lincoln. But, strangely enough, the last niche contains an uncarved block. Why is that? Why was not the idea completed? Because that is for the twentieth century. Who will fill that niche? A statesman, inventor, musician, explorer? Certainly we shall not. Yet there is a place in God's scheme which only you and we can fill. Are we loyally doing our best to fill our place?

We thank Thee that, although we sometimes feel that our work does not count, Thou hast Thy place for us. Help us this and every day that we may not fall short of Thy purpose. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3

CLOSING ONE'S EYES.

"WHY BEHOLDEST THOU THE MOTE?"
READ MATTHEW 7:1-5.

"THERE are some things in life," says a humorist, "to which it is always wise to close one's eyes . . . . . and soap is one of them." True! But only one of them. What of the others? We have a fatal faculty, as our Lord pointed out, for detecting the faults in other people, and missing our own. We close our eyes to the latter; open them for the former. Christian tolerance and forebearance, sympathy and a willingness to make allowance for others, will reverse that. Look for the best in people, instead of the worst. Few are without some good qualities, and to cheer, not condemn, will serve to lead others to ennoblement and God.

". . . . . Be noble,
And the nobleness which lies in other men,
Shall rise in majesty to greet thine own."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4

SERVICE BEFORE SELF.

"AS HE THAT SERVETH."
READ LUKE 22:24-30.

MADAME CURIE has more than one title to greatness. Apart from the discovery of radium, with which her name is honorably linked, she was a great soul—great in that she put service before self. To read of her Polish ancestry, her privations as a student in Paris, her marriage to Pierre Curie, and their joint discovery of a new weapon against a fell scourge, were enough to fire the blood. But when a street accident took her husband, and left her to struggle on with her two children, when fame and honors were heaped upon her, the true greatness of her life is seen.

Save us from self-seeking and vanity. Let our life-work mean more than reward, and Thy commendation be our chief aim. So shall we magnify Thee before the world. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5

COUNSEL FROM THE CLOCK.

"EVENING AND MORNING AND AT NOON."
READ PSALM 55:16-23.

LOOK at the clock. Do you see there what the Psalmist had in mind when he said, "Evening and morning, and at noon will I pray unto Thee"? Three times in the twenty-four hours—at one minute past twelve a.m.; at noon; and at midnight, the clock's hands come together, as in the attitude of prayer. Twice every day—at six o'clock—those hands are straight up and down, as though denoting integrity. Four times every day—at a quarter of three, and a quarter after nine—they are stretched out, as though to serve, to aid, to bless. So prayer at stated intervals brings not only grace to the heart, but also uprightness of character, and power to serve. Try it.

Forgive us that we avail ourselves so little of Thy divine bounty. Help us to live so near to Thee that, through prayer, we may be hourly blessed. Through Christ, Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6

SECOND FIDDLE.

"LET EACH ESTEEM OTHER BETTER THAN THEMSELVES."
READ PHILIPPIANS 2:1-13.

IN THE great orchestra of life, most of us are willing to play any instrument assigned—except one. None of us likes playing second fiddle. We think there is something unfitting and derogatory in the request. First fiddle? Yes! But the second? Why should we? Are we not as good as other people? And yet, imagine a symphony with nothing but first violins. Harmony, depth, variation would be impossible. Thus Paul counselled his converts to be willing to give others first place where they could. Rather than insisting on pre-eminence, there was a superb glory in appreciating the qualities of others, in standing aside, on occasion, that they might give preference to their brethren. To play second fiddle shows grit.

O Saviour Christ, who didst humble Thyself and become obedient unto the death of the cross, help us that we may be saved from self-seeking and presumption by Thy grace. Amen.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7

OVERSHADOWED.

"ANDREW, SIMON PETER'S BROTHER."
JOHN 1:35-42.

SPEAKING of playing second fiddle, no one did it so consistently—or so

splendidly—as Andrew. It seems a poor compliment that he should be known as Simon Peter's brother. Why should he be overshadowed by his somewhat boastful and talkative brother? Yet Andrew has a title to greatness in his own right. He was first a disciple of the Baptist. He was one of the first to meet Jesus personally. And the greatest achievement of his life was that he brought his own brother to the feet of Christ. Peter, still in the rough, had qualities which Christ could bring to life. He became the acknowledged leader of the Twelve. He died a valiant death. But the initial step was due to the quiet, humble-minded Andrew.

Thou canst use the smallest gifts, and the service of the most obscure life. Help us ever to do our utmost for Thee, in the confidence that our lives count. Amen.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

"THOU HAST SEARCHED ME, AND KNOWN ME."

READ PSALM 139:1-12.

SOMETIMES we receive a letter, marked private and confidential. It is supposed to be a privileged communication, in which, occasionally, statements are made about a given person which could not be made public. Most of us have some things that we would hate to have made known: our sins, our broken vows, our declensions. Yet there is One who knows. "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." God knows the worst about us—yet He still loves us. But He also knows the best about us—that is why He loves us. He sees the possibilities latent in every soul. He sees that we may be much worthier of Him and of ourselves. Do not disappoint Him.

O Father, who hast loved us with an everlasting love, and who dost read our hearts, give us daily grace that we may strive to live up to the example given unto us in Christ.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9

THE NIGHT COMETH.

"WHATSOEVER YE DO, DO IT HEARTILY."

READ JOHN 9:1-7.

THE days are drawing in. Have you noticed? The year is waning, and consequently the hours of daylight are lessened. There is nothing morbid in noting that we have here a parallel to life itself. Our Lord must always have felt the urgency of His great mission. Even He was aware of the flight of time. And on one occasion, He acknowledged that the days were drawing in. He said, "I must work . . . while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." Nothing morbid in that, nothing of regret; but simply due recognition of the fact that life's opportunities are limited for us all. So we must fill every day with service and give our utmost to God.

Without Thy gracious aid, O our Father, we cannot live aright. But with it, then we may use our entrusted powers to Thy glory, and the fulfilment of Thy will. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10

DARING AND DIFFICULT.

"GIVE ME THIS MOUNTAIN."

READ JOSHUA 14:7-12.

MOST of us wish for the smooth path and the easy task. We are prone to complain bitterly because other people get "all the breaks." But here was a valiant soul who actually asked for trouble, and dared the difficult. Caleb had shown his caliber before. He was one of the two spies who had urged advance, instead of retreat, as the other ten had advised. Now, when the land was being apportioned among the tribes, he was eager to take what no one else wanted. Israel's enemies had their strongholds in that mountain. Caleb was prepared to face them. Are we among those who will undertake the unpleasant task, the thankless duty, and bravely do our best? Dare the difficult!

O Christ, who didst come not to be ministered unto, but to minister, give us that spirit of willingness to do Thy will that courage and power to overcome life's obstacles may be ours.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

"REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAY."

READ PSALM 34:1-8.

THERE is a lot in the point of view. The old fable tells of two pitchers in conversation. "No matter how often I come to the well," said one, "I come back empty." To which the other replied, "I don't see it that way. No matter how often I come, I go away full." That sounds foolish, yet there is a wealth of meaning in it. We think of what life has denied us, not what it has given; what it has taken away from us, not what it has left; the trials it has brought, not the triumph which has been achieved through those very trials. Christ became poor that we might be rich; humbled that we might be exalted. Look at life steadily, and see it whole.

Let us trust where we cannot trace, believe where we cannot understand. So shall new springs of joy gush forth to gladden and sustain our souls. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

"HE THAT SEEKETH FINDETH."

READ MATTHEW 7:1-12.

WE REMEMBER today the epoch-making discovery of America. The vision, courage, and hardihood of Columbus are unquestioned. Although a certain wit said that America is so big that some one was sure to run into it, sooner or later, that does not detract from the achievement. Yet greater still was the discovery which Columbus made of himself. None suspected that that woolcomber's son, in distant Italy, possessed the capacity for such a mighty quest. But the youth first found himself. Dreaming his dreams, he later set out to make them come true. After repeated disappointments, untold hardships, at last they did. What about our God-given goal? Are we seeking the highest? We are capable of more than we have achieved.

Touch Thou our lives with Thy divine hand that we may be inspired if not to do great things, then to do all things greatly. So shall we magnify Thy name and gladden Thee.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13

HOW DOES YOUR LIFE COUNT?

"NONE OF US LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF."

READ ROMANS 14:7-13.

THERE is a place in England where a river flows through green meadows, where the cattle stand knee-deep to drink, and where the trees dip their branches to the waters. But just across the highway, there is water of another kind. It drips, a drop at a time, through the limestone rock. And objects placed beneath it are petrified—literally turned to stone. The influence of our lives is like the one or the other. It brings gladness and fertility to souls about us, or it hardens and deadens. We are constantly making Christ more attractive to others, or we are repelling them. We can no more walk in the sunshine without casting a shadow than we can live without exerting our influence.

Because we cannot live unto ourselves, aid us that we may ever live under the direction and control of Thy Spirit, that we may make it harder for men to sin, easier to love Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14

WITH OR WITHOUT POWER.

"YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER."

READ ACTS 1:1-8.

AN ADVERTISEMENT appeared in one of our newspapers recently. It offered workrooms for rent, with or without power. It depended on the manufacturer whether he needed electric power or not. For him it was entirely optional. For us, power is a necessity. How often do we try to do the will of God in our own strength. How often do we undertake some specific service for Christ, without seeking first that enduement from on high. Christ promised the power of the Holy Spirit to His disciples. Without it, we see them craven and afraid; with it, behold the courageous witness they bore. So as we open the shutters to the light, we have only to throw open our souls to the divine incoming.

Help us, Lord, to accept Thy promises as Thou didst mean them. Amen.

(Continued on page 65)

Uncooked Tropical Cranberry Relish is a job for the grinder

By
CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD
Director, CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Here Are Cranberries

These berries, with their brilliant color and zesty tang, spice church supper menus from cocktail to dessert

OCTOBER brings that cheery, robust fruit, the cranberry, back to the church supper table again. Not just for the holidays, as within recent years the cranberry will extend its stay for the winter. It is now one of the all-purpose fruits, a year-round stand-by.

Scientific ways of growing and marketing the crop bring the new harvest to market early in September for a stay of at least six months. Sixty million pounds of cranberries—enough to make one hundred and fifty million pounds of sauce—are consumed annually at the tables of Mr. and Mrs. America between the first of October and the end of March. About twenty per cent of the crop is processed, canned as sauce ready to serve or the juice bottled for a sprightly cocktail.

It is probable that cranberry sauce was served with the turkeys at that first Thanksgiving Day three hundred years ago, for the Pilgrims early learned from the Indians the goodness of this vivacious berry that grew in the lowlands of Cape Cod. "Crane-berries," the Indians of Massachusetts called them, because the flower of the cranberry vine resembles the head of a crane.

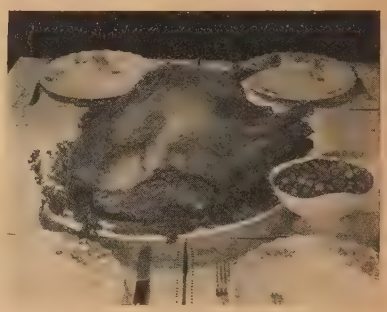
But the cranberry we know today is a vastly different fruit from that sour wild berry known to the early Americans. About 1846, an astute citizen of Yarmouth, on Cape Cod—so the record runs—cleared and graded an acre and a half of waste land, on which he set out cuttings from wild cranberry vines. About the same time another resident of Cape Cod cleared a worthless cedar swamp and planted cranberry cuttings.

In the next twenty years, the scientific cultivation of cranberries became widespread throughout southeastern Massachusetts and so were laid the foundations for an industry that now has investments running into millions of dollars. In the last twenty years, some 25,000 acres of waste, bog or marsh land has been turned into productive property, with an average annual yield for the last five years of some 600,000 barrels. That is the estimated crop for this fall, about twenty-five per cent larger than a year ago.

Judge the cranberry by its bounce. Only those that are fresh, plump and firm have rebound when dropped. Avoid berries shriveled, soft or moist. Choose those of high luster, good strong color. The large, bright red fruit is best. The smaller, darker varieties are less tart. Never keep the fruit in a warm room, because the moisture in the air will condense on the berries and cause them to sweat and decay.

The cranberry's days of stooging for the holiday fowl are done. The cranberry by itself rates top billing, and women have learned this tangy fruit goes as well with roast beef, with pork or chicken as with the holiday bird.

Its bright color and tart taste make it an excellent appetizer. Use the bottled juice, thoroughly chilled, to precede a roast meat dinner. Use the beverage alone, or mixed with sweet pineapple juice, or with cider or with ginger ale. Colorful is the appetizer of chilled grapefruit sections with the red cranberry juice poured over them. Here is a recipe for making cranberry juice cocktail from the fresh or quick-frozen fruit: *(Next page)*



Ten-minute cranberry sauce chaperones the bird

Chopped cranberries with tart chopped apples and crushed pineapple are layered between biscuits for a fall shortcake

Pass a refrigerator cranberry dessert to top off an October supper

By careful sorting, only the bouncing best berries are allowed to be boxed or canned

This young woman is preparing Hot Dog Aristocrat by the new patented process—dipping them in pineapple juice—not to flavor them, but to soften the tissues. Thus treated the once-lowly frankfurter becomes a dish fit for a king—even King George VI. (Courtesy Swift and Company)

(Continued from page 42)

CRANBERRY COCKTAIL

3 quarts cranberries
1 quart sugar
6 quarts water
1⅓ cups lemon juice

Wash, pick over and grind cranberries. Add sugar and water, bring to boiling point and boil 3 minutes. Strain, add lemon juice and chill. Approximate yield: 6 quarts cocktail.

Here is "sass" for the bird. First a ten minute sauce, next two uncooked relishes.

TEN-MINUTE CRANBERRY SAUCE

1½ cups sugar
2 cups water
1 pound (4 cups) cranberries

Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil without stirring until all the skins pop open. (5 minutes is usually sufficient). Remove from fire and allow the sauce to remain in the vessel until cool. Yield: 2½ pounds of sauce.

For a thinner sauce—just bring sugar and water to a boil, then add cranberries and cook until they stop popping.

(Continued on page 48)

THE FOOD PARADE

Up-to-the-minute gossip about new foods, and new ways to serve the old ones

SNOBBISHNESS is a growing idea in the frankfurter family. That wiener of excellent pedigree, the one which bowed before King George VI at the Hyde Park picnic, seems determined to be more than a hot dog of average breed. It is being groomed into a sausage aristocrat by the food chemist.

Now this sausage goes in for cold baths. The scientists have decided on a fresh pineapple juice dip to give greater tenderness to the casings. The process makes use of the enzymes to be found in pineapples which are of a peculiar type of protein, having an ability to act on other organic material, peptizing the proteins and thereby softening the tissues. Patents are pending for the new process, originated in the research laboratories of a Chicago packing firm.

These frankfurters are proud to give full account of themselves, made as they are of equal parts of pork and chuck beef. They are given fire and temper (traditional heritage of aristocrats) by the addition of six spices—paprika, pepper, ginger, nutmeg, coriander, salt, plus a dash of sugar.

With meat and spices blended, the mixture moves to the stuffer. The sausage casings, film thin, have been cleaned and recleaned. Compressed air forces the mix through a small stainless steel tube over which the white casing is drawn—as dainty and pretty a process as the making of stick candy. Next comes the linking, then the new process. The links are dipped into the fresh juice of the pineapple—or, if preferred, the shower-bath method will do the same trick. Now the sausage must wait on the racks while the enzymes do their good deeds. Next follows the smoking over hardwood fires. After that a twelve-minute dousing in the hot-water cooker. Cold showers follow. Smoking, cooking and washing remove all traces of the enzymes as well as any pineapple flavor. Thus the frankfurter keeps its own good taste but wears a casing tender as the meat within.

From the shower bath the sausages go to the drying room, where fresh air is kept in constant circulation. Clean, blushing with good looks, these scientifically produced sausages come forth ready to meet the world. Aristocrats they may be, but willing to hobnob with king or commoner. "Tender skins" will be in the stores shortly after Thanksgiving.

Rice Pudding Canned. The can opener is no longer the badge of a lazy woman; it is an extra hand to the busy one. To her service comes the fall's newest "ready-made," an old fashioned rice pudding blended with shredded cocoanut, ready to turn from the can and serve.

The pudding, of rice-custard type, has much rice and little custard, as it should be made; the color is creamy, the flavor rich and surprisingly good. The one-pound pack serves four. When cold it slices easily and may be passed with a pudding sauce of cream as one would do with the home-made type dessert. Want it hot? Then mix the contents of the can in a casserole with one cup of milk; when smoothly blended place in a hot oven for ten to fifteen minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

Minute Fudge. At last a prepared chocolate-fudge powder that little folks can make without grown-ups' 'interference.' It isn't an over-sweet candy and it comes smooth and creamy every time if the four-step direction chart on the box is implicitly followed. Place in the top of a double boiler three and one-half tablespoons of water, using the measure that comes packed with the powder. Next add two level tablespoons of butter. When the butter melts, pour in the powder, the entire package, mixing as you pour. Slowly cook four minutes, or until glossy. Do not beat. Pour into a buttered pan.

Nuts may go in just before pouring, or add marshmallows cut into fourths. One box of fudge powder makes three-fourths of a pound of fudge, the cost 17 or 18 cents. This is a good-flavor fudge, tasting like cake frosting, but more set in its ways. Real cooked fudge has a somewhat different taste, but this answers as an excellent substitute and it never grains. Fudge cake icing using this mix takes but four minutes to make by recipe directions given on the box. Use it, too, for a hot fudge sauce, or in a chocolate pudding by combining the powder with cornstarch and milk.

(Continued on page 64)

FORTY YEARS A COUNTRY PREACHER

(Continued from page 15)

family prayers in our home or even grace at the table, but there was no pretense or hypocrisy. A great deal of Christian religion was practiced throughout the week. Father was always extremely fair and square and honest in his dealings; but, when it came to giving anything away, mother just about beat anything I ever saw. Goodness knows, that with five of us children, poor as we were, things were pretty well worn out when we got through with them; yet, it was a little short of a miracle how mother could always find something to part with. There used to be a family that lived down near the grist mill—a large poor family, even poorer than we were. When mother heard the sound of the ears of corn striking the bottom of the barrels in the corn crib, it was the signal for her to open the door from the kitchen that led up the back stairway to a sort of attic over the woodshed. Here again she would rummage through the chests and boxes, and, by the time the grist was ready and horses hitched up, the bundle for the poor family would appear. No one can ever estimate the tremendous influence on my whole life that this giving propensity of my mother's had. Of course we had a good many things given to us—one aunt was quite well to do and her children wore their clothes but little.

Before we were confirmed by the Bishop we had to learn the Catechism. I don't mean we learned a part of it and read over the rest—we learned it all, word for word. You see, in those days, the Bishop lined the candidates right up in a line before him in the chancel and handed out the questions. He used no book, thus leaving both his keen eyes to scan up and down the row to see if everyone were answering. We were taught this at home and father didn't propose that any child there would say it louder than his did. I don't think this catechism matter ever did me much good except one portion of it. In it there are two "Duties"—my duty towards God and my duty towards my neighbor. I don't think learning the first ever had much effect on me. I don't think anyone gets to love God from being told that it is his duty, anymore than one gets to love his country by being ordered to stand up and salute the flag. But "the duty towards my neighbor" had a profound influence on me at that time and ever since: "To be true and just in all my dealings; to hurt nobody by word or deed; to keep my hands from picking and stealing;" those words, like the whole "Duty" just sank right down into my life. How many times they have popped up into my mind—probably just when they were needed the most.

As our backs were to the congregation when we were catechized, just how father would always know whether we had recited every word up strong and loud was more than I could ever make out. But he assured us that he did know. I suppose he detected our voices even if there were a dozen in line. As for the confirmation itself, it really made a very profound impression; in fact, a deep spiritual impression. It seemed to me that henceforth I could never do a wrong thing. I am not much of a stickler about that mystic, tacit something that must have an unbroken succession through the laying on of hands, but I do know what it did for me. Some Bishops have the candidate hold up a card with his name on it, so he can mention it before laying on his hands. I think this is a tragic mistake, diverting the child's mind from what may well be the most sacred thoughts of his life.

Not long after my confirmation, I entered the State Normal School which was only a mile from our home, and, as the nearest high school was much farther away, most everyone went to this school whether they intended to teach or not. It cost practically nothing as there was no tuition to pay. Then, also, was the time that I joined the Christian Endeavor at the Congregational Church, where most of the young people about town went. We boys would line up on the back seat, and rather mechanically take some part other than singing. While I don't know as this made me a whole lot better than I was, yet it tended to hold us all up to better standards. I became not only president of the local society, but of the county organization as well. It was very unusual, especially in these days, to have an Episcopalian even belong to such a society; much less, to be at the head of it. I imagine father was quite proud of having his son preside at a large county meeting, assembled right in our town, for, after attending one meeting, he said, "Some folks think that Episcopalians have to read their prayers out of a book, but my boy, George, got right down on his knees and prayed like a bummer."

Of course we boys couldn't let the poor girls go out in the cold, dark world alone after the Endeavor Meeting. Sometimes I would have the buggy and old horse Bill, so the horse got quite used to stopping at a certain house up at the further end of the street where my girl had a rented room. The house was owned by a maiden lady of semi-normal type smothered in oddity, making her house the last place on the whole earth where my father might stop. Well, one day, old Bill had been shod up at the blacksmith shop just above her house, and father and I met at the shop to drive home. Father took the reins, but had no sooner started than he placed them between his knees and proceeded to light his pipe. Old Bill had a great way of always trying to stop at any house that he had ever been driven to for a number of times, so he put his ears back and headed for the old maid's. Before father knew what was up we had landed right plump up to the front door. To make it all the funnier, we were right in front of the store piazza with plenty of loafers. How mad father was. "You old fool," he roared, as he gave Bill a terrible whack with the butt of the reins —"By thunder, George, that's the queerest thing I ever saw in my life." I, too, tried to look astonished at Bill's procedure and thought the less said the better.

Among the amusing incidents of these early days, was the contrivance father invented to catch rats in the cellar.

He got a box (a big one at least a yard square), cut a hole in it about six inches square, made a sliding door for this, and put a hook on the door. This box was put in the cellar directly under the nursery room. A string, attached to the door, went up through a knothole and was tied to the bedstead right by father's pillow. Some corn meal was put into the box to lure the rats, and any old time during the night that father happened to awaken, he just pulled the string.

There was a great rush in the morning for the cellar. We hit the box and listened. Yes, it was occupied all right. Then we began the real work of turning the box over and over and over across the cellar, up the cellar stairs and into the dining-living room. My brother had already been dispatched to the barn to comb the haymow for cats. If successful, he would fetch old "Frolic," old "Spot," and old "Baelzic"—short for Beelzebub, prince of all cat devils.

By this time the women folks had disappeared for upper regions—with father and we two boys duly armed with clubs and the three cats, the lid would be opened and out would dart the rats. Men, boys, cats, rats, chairs, clubs, shouts and what-not. The greatest yield was eleven rats, from babies to grandmothers; one night we got seven. Of course the whole performance had to be gone through with, whether there was one rat or more for the catch. When the wreckage and carnage would be over, the women folks would reappear. Quiet mother would say little, but my sisters would say plenty.

It is well how the funny things of youth last us all our lives to lighten the cares and labors. How many times I've laughed over the time father and I went down to open a barrel of cider. You see, cider begins "to work" about three or four days after it is made and it expands; whether you give it a chance or not, it just takes it—that's all. Father had rolled a barrel down at the foot of the cellar stairs, and I noticed, as I was going by that day, that there were signs of pressure from within—quite decidedly so.

By thunder, George," said father, as he finished supper, "I forgot about that barrel of cider. We must knock the bung out." (You know the "bung" is the round wooden plug they put in at the mill, about two inches across.) So I got the lantern and lighted up.

(Continued on page 71)

★

If I Were....
A LIAR

I'd advertise beer as a food, whiskey as a promoter of the abundant life, and cocktails as the badge of social correctness. They say that if you repeat anything times enough, people will believe it.

—McAlpine

★

Says

W. R. CULLOM

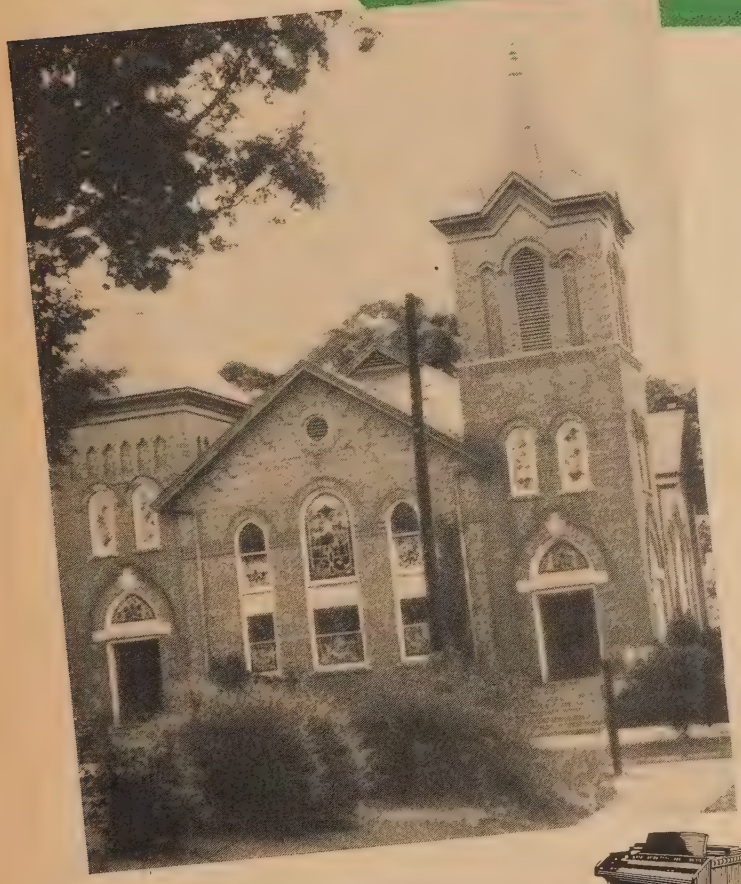
Pastor

Spring Hope Baptist Church

Spring Hope,

North Carolina

"AFTER-EFFECTS OF CONGREGATION'S EFFORTS TO SECURE THIS ORGAN HAVE BEEN SIMILAR TO REAL REVIVAL OF RELIGION"



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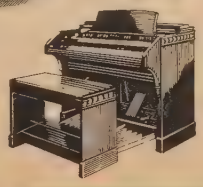

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MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE

The Middle Month

INDIAN Summer and October! Slanting golden sunshine and crisp breezes and autumn. Oh, it's the middle month of the year, October—not by actual count but by an intuitive something that cannot be measured in arithmetic. Spring is so young, so madly, impetuously young—and winter is so old! But October is the glamorous junction where age and youth meet, and pause to clasp hands in a moment of sublime friendship. To me, October is like a gracious, happy, fruitful middle age.

Not long ago I saw a friend of mine pause to glance into the mirror above her bureau. As she stood there she smoothed back the silvering wing of hair that graced each temple.

"How gray I am!" she said, and she sighed as she said it. "Any woman who admitted. "Another one was there the next day, practically. . . . Oh, I'm used to the gray now, but I haven't grown to like it any better."

I laughed. "Youth is all right in its place," I said. "April and May and June are charming while they're here. But a whole life-time of Aprils and Mays and Junes would be a cloying diet. It would be too difficult, too static, if one were chained to eternal youth. Keep youth in your heart and in your soul, but don't try to stop the march of time by pulling out the gray hairs and resenting them. Meet your October month with high courage—and a smile!"

To my mind there's nothing sadder than a man or woman who resents middle age and tries feverishly to deny it. And there's nothing more lovely or satisfying than the sparkle that comes to those rare people who unquestioningly accept their lot. . . .

October does not stand for dejection and despair, you see—October stands for harvest. Autumn is the completion of a cycle—it is a blessed fulfilment! Middle age is a fulfillment, too, and it also stands for harvest—a harvest of matured thoughts and desires. A harvest of dreams that have come true and ideals that have grown to the required size. Let youth reach after impossible goals and try not to envy youth's greediness and ambition. Remember that October's bright blue weather is a goal in itself.

There's a zest to the October air. It does things to the landscape. Trees that were just ordinary trees put on a garment of splendor and gardens that were a trifle monotonous in their sweetness become spicy and newly colorful. The very leaves that fall, dance as they brush the dust of the road; and the leaves that do not fall, immediately, are a promise and a prayer. Hills that were brown in early springtime, take on an amethyst glow and sunsets are rich beyond any imagining.

It is so with middle age! Middle age can do things to the landscape and to the circle of friends that go to make up that landscape. The experience that comes with middle age can make the way easier for those who are meeting a difficult springtime, or a winter that is too cold and dreary. The wisdom that comes with middle age can lend strength to feeble wings that are about to start on an uncharted flight, and to those far feebler wings that are fluttering more slowly.

The approach of age has often been likened to the approach of winter. And as we prepare our houses for the cold weather, so must we prepare our minds and bodies—and our hearts—for the approach of age. It is hard—when we are living in the midst of a glamorous today—to steel our lives against the coming of sorrow and lonely old age. But, as a preparation, we should lay in a supply of loveliness, as we lay in supplies of fuel. We should stock our homes with that spiritual fuel known as Faith, so that the fires of the soul, despite outward conditions, will never cease to glow. We should also transplant the flower of Patience, and place it close at hand, so that it will lend its fragrance to the whole room of life. And we should cover the gardens of memory with a protective blanket of hope—enduring hope for the future.

Friends of mine, as October comes, translate the month into your own idiom if you, also, have reached October! Make the most of this period of truce. For if you cherish October—and learn God's lesson from it—your middle age will be not a problem, but a reward.

☆

What Though the Flame Won't Last—

The autumn hills are veiled in mist,
While hours drift away—
Perhaps they dream the rosy dreams
Of youth's brave yesterday.

The autumn garden is serene
In bronze and russet dressed—
Does it, too, hold the dreams of spring
Close cradled on its breast?

The autumn sky is wide with peace,
Each cloud a silver sail—
(The springtime sky was blue and sweet,
The clouds were slim and frail!)

The autumn breeze is murmuring
A song that's half a sigh—
It is a requiem for hope
That swiftly hurried by . . .

But, oh, the flaming autumn trees—
What though the flame won't last?
Fling out a prayerful challenge to
The future—and the past!

☆

My Letter . . . OF THE MONTH

THIS letter comes from upper New York State—from a city that is almost within sight and sound of those gigantic Falls that are one of the world's seven wonders. It is from a woman who freely confesses her middle age. She writes:

"When my children began to grow up—not only up, but away from me—I sat down and took mental stock of myself. I saw a woman of forty-five who had let herself go—not only in the matter of clothes, but in the matter of balance. I had become too absorbed in the homely details of housekeeping and the business of raising a family to be attractive, so I set about to repair the lack.

"I haven't very much money at my command but I sew well—you should see the graduation dresses that I've made for my succession of daughters! I started to window-shop feverishly, and my eyes dwelt upon the garments that were designed for smart matrons. I found that I could be a smart matron, too, without a great deal of effort. Next I listened—not placidly but with keen attention—to the conversation of my children. I easily discovered the books they were reading, and the subjects which interested them most vitally. I made it a point to read those books and study up on the subjects and you can scarcely imagine my eldest son's amazement when, at the dinner table, I suddenly differed with him on a subject of international import! My youngest daughter sprang to my defense and the argument waxed so hot and heavy that my children forgot all about an evening engagement. Yes, they forgot "a date" but they remembered something else—that mother was a person, with a *personality!*

"Since I came to my senses—and I mean this literally—I have worked hard, harder than I ever did in my kitchen. Studying and keeping abreast of the times is not easy when one is no longer young. But, oh, it's worth the effort. It's worth *any effort!*"

Mrs. M. M.

tells you that she doesn't mind having gray hair is a—a fibber! I cried when I saw my first gray hair and I pulled it out by the roots before anybody else could see it."

"What good did that do?" I asked.

My friend sighed. "Not much," she

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There's no point now in being a martyr to headaches and the exhausting pains of rheumatism, neuritis, or neuralgia. Don't wait. Ease your suffering *fast* by a simple, inexpensive method that has brought wonderful relief to thousands.

The moment you feel one of these pains coming on, take 2 Genuine Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water. Relief should come very quickly. Repeat according to directions on the Bayer box.

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He will tell you, we believe, that nothing is more dependable and effective for the normal person to use regularly than Bayer Aspirin. Remember this, and when you buy, always ask for it by its full name, Bayer Aspirin, not for "aspirin" alone. At only 1c a tablet now, anyone can afford the fast-acting Bayer product. If you suffer from headache or rheumatic or neuritic pain, follow these suggestions and you may save many dollars.

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So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

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Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business affairs, social matters, domestic science, etc., as well.

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Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing; newspaper copy-desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

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(Continued from page 43)

CRANBERRY RELISH

1½ quarts cranberries
4 quarts orange rind and pulp
2½ cups sugar

Grind cranberries in meat grinder. Grind rind and pulp of orange. Use fine cutter on grinder. Mix with sugar and berries. Allow to stand a few hours before serving. Serve with baked ham, roast chicken or turkey. Yield: 50 servings.

TROPICAL RELISH

1 pound (4 cups) fresh cranberries
1 cup canned pineapple
1 lemon
2 cups sugar

Put cranberries and pineapple through food chopper. Quarter whole lemon, remove seeds and put through chopper. Add sugar and blend. Let stand a few hours before serving. Yield: 35 servings.

Or use the ruddy berry as the bird's interior decoration.

SPICED CRANBERRY STUFFING

6 cups cranberries, ground
1 loaf bread, crumbled
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Combine all ingredients, using more salt if necessary. Yield: Stuffing for 1 (10 pound) bird.

Forget about the bird. Make ham the choice—rich brown, opulent, decked with a cranberry-maple sauce.

CAPE COD BAKED HAM

1 smoked ham, about 8 pounds
1 pound fresh cranberries
1 spice bag*
2 peeled onions
1 cup maple syrup
whole cloves

Soak ham overnight (if not new cured ham). Cover with fresh water; add half the cranberries, spice bag and onions and cook slowly until tender—about 3 hours. Allow to cool in water, if possible. Remove and cut off outside skin. Score fat on top by cutting diagonal lines to form triangles. Place a whole clove in the center of each. Cover with cranberry maple sauce made by cooking the remaining cranberries with maple syrup until the skins pop open; then putting sauce through sieve. Bake ham in hot oven, 400° F. to glaze top—about 45 minutes.

*To make spice bag—put 2 sprigs parsley, 4 whole cloves, 1 bay leaf and pinch of leaf thyme in small square of cheesecloth; tie to form ball.

Among the desserts the cranberry takes a leading place. The traditional New England cranberry pie looks much like a red cherry pie—the open-faced kind with latticed strips of pastry across the top. You will find this in almost any recipe book. Also that compromise pie—cranberry and raisin for those who like a sweeter dessert. But here we bring you a new model cranberry chiffon pie. It is really a cranberry sponge; the cooled sweetened cranberry juice is stiffened with gelatin and made fluffy with beaten egg whites. It comes forth in the color of strawberry ice cream, and as soft as new snow. Yet, for all its frailness, it has decisive flavor.

CRANBERRY CHIFFON PIE

1½ tablespoons gelatin
¼ cup cold water
3 cups cranberries
1 cup water
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 vanilla wafer crust

Soften gelatin in cold water. Wash and pick over berries; add water and cook until berries pop. Force through sieve. Add sugar and salt to strained pulp. Pour small amount over slightly beaten egg yolks, mixing well. Return to remaining mixture and cook over hot water, 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar gradually and beat until mixture stands in peaks. Fold into gelatin mixture, turn into crumb crust and chill until firm. Approximate yield: 1 (9 inch) pie. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream if desired.

CRANBERRY HARD SAUCE

¼ cup butter
3 cups confectioners' sugar
⅓ cup cranberry jelly
½ teaspoon lemon juice

Cream butter and 1 cup sugar well together. Add remaining sugar alternately with jelly, a small amount at a time, beating until blended after each addition. Add lemon juice. Chill until ready to serve. Approximate yield: 2 cups sauce.

MOCK STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

1 quart chopped cranberries
1 quart chopped tart apple
1 cup crushed pineapple
1 quart sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 quart cream, whipped
25 baking powder biscuits or
4 sponge cake layers

Combine cranberries, apple, pineapple, sugar and salt and let stand for 2-3 hours. Arrange shortcake fashion on hot biscuits or sponge cake layers. Top with whipped cream. Yield: 25 servings.

CRANBERRY WHIP

1½ pounds cranberries
1 cup water
10-12 egg whites
1¾ pounds sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 cups walnuts

Cook the cranberries and water until a heavy pulp is formed. Remove from stove. Cool. Place the egg whites, sugar, salt, lemon juice and cold cranberry pulp in bowl on mixer and beat at third speed until mixture is thick and will hold its shape (about 10 to 15 minutes). Add the coarsely chopped nut meats. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses garnished with a heaping teaspoon of whipped cream. Yield: 50 servings with No. 16 dipper.

MAGIC REFRIGERATOR CRANBERRY CAKE

5⅓ cups (4 cans) sweetened condensed milk
1 cup lemon juice
2 2/3 cups cranberry jelly
96 vanilla wafers (4 pounds)

Blend together sweetened condensed milk and lemon juice. Add cranberry jelly and mix with a silver fork. Line 4 narrow, oblong pans with wax paper. Cover with jelly mixture. Add layers of wafers, alternating in this way, until mixture is used, finishing with layer of wafers. Chill in refrigerator 12 hours or longer. To serve, turn out on small platter and carefully remove wax paper. Cut in slices and serve plain or with whipped cream. Yield: 4 cakes, 25 servings.

Continued from page 32)

his sixtieth birthday would call for a dinner to him in the House of Commons, and speeches over a world-wide radio hook-up. The family was thrifty Swiss stock; the Buchmans came over in 1740. "F. B." was ordained a Lutheran minister. He served a poor congregation with notable zeal; his personal generosity with his meager funds is still remembered. He founded a hospice for orphans and destitute boys in Philadelphia, also a settlement house. He served his church in the Orient for a term, and returning, worked among students in various colleges.

On a trip to England when he was 30, he had a profound religious experience. A woman preacher whose name he does not remember talked before a handful of poor people in a little English town. Dr. Buchman had just happened in. Something she said—he does not remember what—started a train of thought which ended in a kind of soul explosion which shook him deeply. Apparently it was an an authentic instance of that phenomenon which goes by the name of "conversion." But it was not until 13 years later, in 1921, that Dr. Buchman went to Oxford and started his peculiar personal evangelism among the students and the dons. Later some of his followers went to South Africa. The newspapers there dubbed them the Oxford Group—a name that much of Oxford has always resented.

The story of its growth abroad, the growth and decline and growth again of the movement here, beginning in the colleges, is familiar enough. It was no world-shaking affair until it was rechristened with its catchword title to fit the demands of the present hour. Skeptics are cynical about the new guise. They recall the movement's early emotionalism, the evangelistic vaudevilles put on by "the dinner jacket evangelists," the attempts of the leaders to create an impression that people with big names had surrendered to the Group when actually they had only nodded to it. But nonetheless MRA is obviously now a force to be reckoned with. Without question it has brought serenity, happiness and a new and better way of life to thousands of followers. That their lives are "changed" is no rhetorical expression.

People who have been motivated almost solely by selfishness have become "changed" to themselves and their friends. They began to think in terms of others. A man in Basel refused to move his factory to Geneva, though it would have meant lower operating costs and taxes, because it would put 200 men out of work. The fleet director of one of America's great oil companies resolved to live by the four absolutes and got his men a wage increase and vacations with pay. Restitution in the wake of the Oxford Group in Oslo, Norway, brought a return of $35,000 to tax authorities.

One person changed, the Groupers point out, can affect the lives of whole communities. A southern hosiery manufacturer who had accepted the principles of the Group asked himself, "Have I been honest and unselfish?" He went over his books and found that he could afford to pay his men higher wages. He called in

(Continued on page 51)

"Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry!"

Grannie shows Millie a modern way to raise her child

1. GRANNIE: Land's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.
MILLIE: But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.

2. GRANNIE: My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.

3. GRANNIE: He said it's wrong to make children take *anything* they don't like. A child should get a *pleasant*-tastin' laxative...
MILLIE: That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes...

4. GRANNIE: Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be TOO strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only *for children*. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.

5. GRANNIE: He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's SAFE... How about getting a bottle now?

6. MILLIE: Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without a peep?
GRANNIE: You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

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CURRENT BOOKS

By Albert Linn Lawson

REV. ZED HOPEFUL COPP has been a good friend of this magazine for a long time. He is also a scholar and writer of ability. Therefore it is with unusual pleasure that we commend to our readers his new book, *The Book of Life* (John C. Winston Co., $2.50). The author has accomplished the remarkable and difficult task of presenting to us the Interwoven Gospels, that is the four Gospels made into "one continuous harmonious story," with the other books of the New Testament revised and rearranged. Selected Proverbs are also added. The authorized version is followed; but obsolete words, and those difficult to understand at the present day, have been changed into modern phraseology; such expression as "wet," "wist," and the like have been made clear and meaningful. I truly believe that one who reads this Interwoven Gospel will have a clearer and fuller picture of the life of the Saviour on earth than he has ever had before. Following the Gospel come the Acts, in full, the only changes being in the clearer wording in these few instances where obsolete phrases have hitherto obscured the meaning. Then come Revelation, "The Revelation of Jesus Christ," the Epistles, and passages selected from Proverbs. The author says of his book, "This book is God's work through the Holy Spirit. It is, therefore, a special study book for ministers, governors, employers, laborers, residents of the Home, and a thrilling book for anyone."

Bound Feet, by Dr. Charles a Powell (Warren Press, $2.50,) is one of the most vivid, absorbing pictures of life far in the interior of China that one is likely to read in many a day. Dr. Powell, a medical missionary, on reaching China, had the good fortune to fall in with an older missionary who had lived in the interior many years, and lived as the rural Chinese live, had become one of them, and was able to give the newly arrived medical missionary many valuable helps which it would have taken years to learn alone. Dr. Powell encountered the usual obstacles confronting a new arrival; the difficulties of the language, the suspicion and sometimes hostility of the people. These he patiently endured until his "big chance" came; that chance threw into his hands a man suffering from ulcers, which the native doctors had been unable to help. Powell effected a cure, easily; and thereafter he was a made man, among the Chinese. His experiences among those poor, ignorant, but estimable people make gripping, absorbing reading. Trying to treat cases without equipment, trying to build a hospital without funds, visiting many places then unknown—such as Wuhu—but whose names have since figured in the war dispatches, he kept on with patience, and saving sense of humor, until, when compelled to leave by the war, he left a record of solid accomplishment seldom equaled. It is a book you will not be able to put down until you have finished it.

Everybody knows Dr. Wm. L. (Bill) Stidger, and practically everybody listens to his daily radio broadcast, Getting the Most Out of Life. Now he has brought out a nicely bound little volume, with the title *How to Get the Most Out of Life* (Rodeheaver, Hall Mack Co., $1.00). It is, of course, a collection of some of the stories he has told on his broadcast. That broadcast, by the way, was voted the most popular one on the air, last year; and innumerable letters came to Dr. Stidger, asking him to print these stories in book form. He has done so; and here they are, in a nice cloth-bound volume, at a price within reach of every one. You all know the kind of story Bill Stidger tells; you know his mellow humor, his wit, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote gathered in his travels all over the habitable globe. I feel sure, therefore, that it is only necessary to tell you about this book, and you will all want it. It is one of the best dollar's worths you ever bought.

Many of you read the serial by Anna French Johnson which ran in Christian Herald some time ago under the title *The Making of a Minister's Wife*. It has now been brought out in book form by Appleton-Century, under the same title (price $2.50). The book has been completely revised and rewritten, and some of the minor incidents and other passages which appeared in the serial have been omitted. It is a most human, fascinating autobiography, full of kindly wisdom and mellow humor, packed with the fruits of a long, busy, and, on the whole, happy life. Those of you who read the serial will surely wish to own the book; if you did not read it, you have some delightful hours ahead of you.

"I feel confident that there is no knowledge in these pages that will hurt you, not you who are really men and women. But neither is there knowledge here which will do you any good, unless you really are men and women."

"The older generation of leaders, such as educators, ministers, and, in many cases, parents, have considered maturing youth as something less than men and women to whom the truth can be trusted."

Those two sentences state, clearly, the theme of a thoughtful, frank little book addressed to youth by E. Milton Grant, entitled *"Coming of Age,"* (F. H. Revell Co., $1.00).

To earnest, thoughtful young people I unhesitatingly commend this little book.

(Continued from page 49)

his employes, explained the situation, and told them frankly of the religious experience which had made him resolve to live by new principles.

The interesting sequel is that his employes caught the spirit. Paid by piece work scales, they had been in the habit of tampering with their machines so as to speed up output—but at the expense of quality. They, too, owned their fault and mended their ways.

This, say the Oxford group members, is a perfect, but by no means unusual example of how the effect of "changed" lives ramifies.

But it is not to be supposed for a minute that all the prime ministers and presidents, the generals and admirals, the lords and laborites who have signed statements endorsing the objectives of MRA are professed followers, or that they will guide their conduct by its four absolutes.

How can anybody refuse to endorse the objectives? There is nothing controversial about MRA. Who can fail to agree that if all men were perfect—or even tried to be perfect—we should have no war and a better world?

Read carefully, about all that most of the "testimonials" and "endorsements" say is that the signers subscribe to these self-evident propositions. One Congressional leader who had signed a statement for the Washington meeting said later, "Sure, I'm for MRA, whatever that is. It's just like being against Sin . . ." Yet the extremely attractive young men who form the Oxford Group "teams" use these names very freely; the not too alert listener gets the impression that most of these, the great of earth, have actually joined the movement.

Every public meeting the Group holds is hailed as a glowing success by MRA spokesmen. The testimony of outsiders does not always correspond. In Washington the crowd was polite but not wildly enthusiastic. At the New York meeting which drew 12,000 to Madison Square Garden, the stage was set for superb results. Yet the meeting as a whole was a flop and many of the audience had left none too quietly before it was over.

The movement centers its proselyting on the fashionable, the wealthy, the prominent, on the theory that "lesser lights will twinkle after." There have been cynical remarks about this; it is, in fact, the criticism of the movement most often heard and the source of such gibes as "Salvation Army in Spats" and "Opiate of the Classes." The defense offered—of course, the Buchmanites would resent the word "defense"—is that it is most important to win the key men of government and business. One employer "changed" can improve the welfare of a thousand employes; one workman "changed" has relatively trifling influence. Salvation will spread down from above. This is a conviction, Bachman holds with touching sincerity. When he arrived on one of his visits to America three years ago, he said to ship reporters, "Think what it would mean to the world if Hitler surrendered to the control of God. Or Mussolini. Or any dictator. Through such a man God could control a nation overnight."

(Turn to next page)

Be your age but look younger!

Call in the help of these milk of magnesia creams . . . they're different . . . they act on the excess acid accumulations . . . they help to keep your skin smooth, supple, younger-looking

"My skin seems so acid—what shall I do for it?" So many perplexed women ask this question as they watch their skin lose its fresh tone, its smooth, soft firmness, and become excessively dry and rough or over-oily and shiny, with enlarged pores or blackheads.

Here's an entirely *different* kind of help! Here's beauty-giving action you've never known before—in these creams which contain Milk of Magnesia!

What these Milk of Magnesia Creams Do You know, of course, what Milk of Magnesia does *internally* for excess gastric acidity. In the same way these unique Milk of Magnesia creams act *externally* on the excess acid accumulations on the skin, and help to overcome unsightly faults and to make your skin lovelier, younger-looking.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM. This remarkable cream not only puts acid-neutralizing Milk of Magnesia to work on your skin, but it also offers another beautifying ingredient, cholesterol, which softens and smooths skin, giving it suppleness, and helping to overcome that dried-up, leathery appearance which afflicts so many skins.

A Foundation Which Really Prepares the Skin You've never seen anything like the way Phillips' Texture Cream takes and holds make-up. This is because the Milk of Magnesia *prepares* the skin—smooths away roughness, frees it from oiliness, so that powder and rouge go on evenly without that "put-on" look.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM. And when you try this different kind of cleansing cream you'll wonder how you ever got along without it! The Milk of Magnesia not only loosens and absorbs the surface dirt, but penetrates the pores, neutralizing the excess fatty acid accumulations and leaving your skin soft, smooth, and *thoroughly* clean!

2 SIZES—30c AND 60c

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(Continued from page 30)

He whirled upon her. "Exploiting? Poppycock! Listen! When I was with the Real Estate firm buying property for Recreation Parks, I saw the handwriting on the wall. I knew what was coming. I determined to get in on the ground floor. I saw how big money could be made. If I hadn't acted, quickly, somebody else would have."

He paused to consider. He actually thought that we were being impressed. "I went to New York," he continued, swaggeringly, "and succeeded in interesting capital. They took hold where I couldn't—after I had them sold on the idea. They put up the money. They formed a big Syndicate. Already others are being organized. That's the trick—organization. Everything depends on it. You've got to have well-oiled, functioning machinery to get anywhere nowadays. What we are doing here is in the direct line of progress and development.

"To cheat? To lie? To steal? From defenseless people?" I asked, calmly.

He stared at me. "Milly, you don't understand. You use strong words, that are weak and silly. You can't live today in the nineteenth century. You can't turn the clock back a hundred and fifty years. You mountain people have got to buck life as it *is*, not as it *was*, then."

Miss Wray was quick to accuse him. "So you've educating them to meet the changed conditions into which they have been plunged, unprepared, by stripping them to the bone and tossing their picked skeletons out into a world that doesn't want them, that has nothing to offer them; three million of them; families—men, women and children."

Ignoring her, he gazed steadily at me, a deep frown between his eyes. "Milly—you listen to me. We've got to face *facts* as they *are*. You're a fine girl, and it happens that I love you. I don't care if Miss Wray knows it; if the world knows it. I can explain everything to you later, in detail; all about what I am doing here and, in the end, you will approve."

"You have a wife, Mr. Hartman," Miss Wray reminded him.

"About my wife." He paused. In the pause, I marveled again that he could talk about her in the same matter-of-fact, business-like manner in which he had discussed his financial operations. "I didn't love her, but I married her," he stated. "She has some money but no social ambitions. Not of any consequence. We didn't get along. We're definitely through. I will marry you, Milly."

I smiled. "You flatter me, Jim. And—my family?" I asked significantly.

He shook his head. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to forget your family."

Miss Wray questioned, "You are as ambitious socially as you are financially? And your present wife, you feel, is—well, beneath you?"

He raised quizzical eyebrows. "If you care to put it that way. I came from the common people too, but I have grown, am growing and shall continue to grow. Milly can grow with me. It's in her to be a shining leader in any circle she might choose. And she is intelligent enough to know—that she must be educated up to it. And leave her family behind."

All at once, I forgot myself and said, "Oh—you are so cheap, so poor, so tawdry."

His face flushed, his eyes snapped. "What do you mean?" he flared.

I looked at him and achieved a smile. "That I am terribly bored, and not interested. Not—at—all. Thank you."

"But—but—say—" he stammered.

Miss Wray came to my rescue. "Milly means exactly what she says, that she is not interested. There is nothing more to say or to be said. Good evening, Mr. Hartman."

Jim muttered something, but finally backed out and away.

Miss Wray was an angel of mercy to me that night. With Jim Hartman's departure out of my life forever—so I thought—and I was ready to crumble from shock and sheer exhaustion, immediately she began to talk briskly of other things.

"I'm going to Queensport tomorrow, dear. Maybe you'd like to go along?" she asked.

"I want to go home—to Ma and Split Lick," I cried, bursting into tears which she ignored.

"Of course. But wouldn't you enjoy just driving around with me for a few days? I'd like you to see Queensport and the big Mills there where so many mountain girls are working. I'd like you to

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(Continued from page 51)

The naivete of the Group in the presence of complex social problems has aroused the scorn and pity of its critics. A convert told one of the international gatherings that "there is no such thing as unemployment. Everybody who is not working for God is unemployed." The chairman of the meeting was so moved that he remarked, "Unemployment on this basis ceases to be a problem and becomes an opportunity."

The individual "guidance" that group members receive sometimes seems a little strange to outsiders. Workers tell of an employe of Goebbels' press bureau who was "changed," and whose dispatches were profoundly influenced by his new directions from God. Where is he now? In Berlin, writing Nazi propaganda. There is a Japanese notable, who was "changed" and is a follower of the movement. He was "guided," one must assume, when he accepted a high post in Japanese government which is making war in China. Unlike other great religious movements, the Oxford Group has produced no martyrs.

These are among the criticisms. But that the movement has revitalized religion in the hearts and souls of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, who are better for it, is to be acknowledged ungrudgingly. Its objectives are the highest; in a word of divisive hatreds and rivalries, it it a force for union. There is no denying that the Oxford Group meets a religious need in the lives of its members. Beyond that MRA is significant chiefly because it shows how desperate men are for some kind of religious ethic in a day of uncertainty. It may be the forerunner of the next great spiritual awakening, but there are few who will admit that it *is* that awakening.

meet the owner of the Mills. He's from the mountains too; lived in a cabin; was a little barefoot boy. He has grown rich, not by exploiting his people but by helping them to help themselves. He's a wonderful man. We can take your things in the car, and after cruising around with me where I have to go, I'll take you to Split Lick—that is, unless you change your mind and decide to get a job at Queensport."

It was impossible not to catch a bit of her lilting spirit and before I knew it and almost against my will, I found myself entering into her plans.

Bright and early the next morning, she resigned my job for me at the Office, contrived to send a message to Ma that I was mith her, got her car out of the garage and we were off on the lovely highway again. We stopped at a Tea Room perched above a cliff, for breakfast; it was an enchanting spot. We drank our coffee on a little uncovered terrace that seemed to be suspended in space near the heavens, with the beautiful world far below us.

Followed three wonderful days. Miss Wray's work took her to Little Switzerland and Blowing Rock, swinging back by Banner Elk and on to Queensport.

Now and then, along the road, we discussed my future, but only when I brought the subject up. We spoke of Jakie, who asked me to marry him every time I saw him. I didn't want to think about marrying anybody—

"I want a good, clean, honest job," was my final decision. "I must help Ma and the younger children."

"You'll get the job, dear. Don't fear," Miss Wray encouraged.

When we approached the magic little city of Queensport, I felt that I would indeed get a job, that she had brought me to the right place. We arrived at dusk. She stopped the car on the brow of a hill where we had a full view.

I saw the great, long, low buildings of red brick, square and unlovely in themselves, but pulsing with life and power. I thrilled at the sense of it. I gazed steadily along those seemingly endless rows of windows glowing from within, and a feeling of interest and exaltation swept over me.

Remember—I was very young, not quite eighteen, and youth is resilient. I felt that all those twinkling lights could be a lamp unto the feet of one who wished to climb. My spirit rose to the challenge and I spoke softly, as though to myself. "I could become a leader, there. I could get the highest wages of any girl in the Mill, time I learned the trade, for I'd try harder than anybody else."

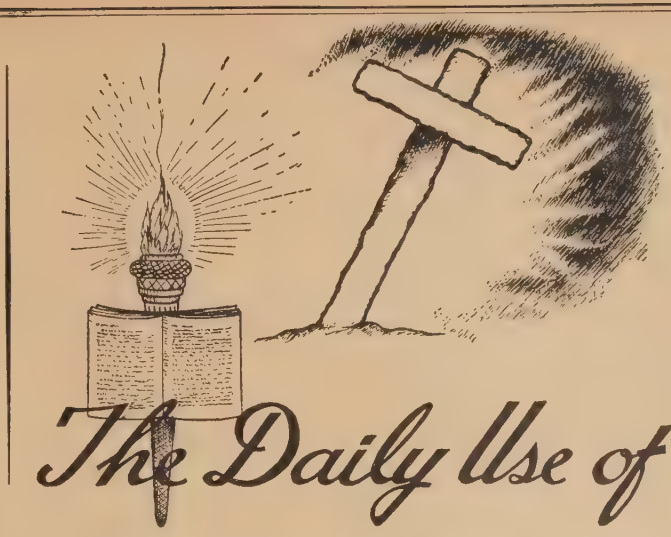
"That's the way I hoped you'd feel, dear," Miss Wray exulted.

"But I'm homesick, now. I want to go home first—and see Ma; and then, I'll come back here, afterwards."

"You shall be in Split Lick tomorrow night," she promised.

She was true to her word. We spent the night at a boarding-house where everybody knew her and was nice and kind. The next day, starting at noon, we drove to Split Lick, arriving at the point nearest our cabin a full hour before sunset.

(To be continued)



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(Continued from page 24)

and would like to write letters and send Christmas and birthday cards or little gifts to some little girl who needs and would appreciate an adopted 'auntie'—" Then several months later,

"Sometime ago I requested the name of a little girl—Behold you send me a family! But I am so glad—they are in desperate need and have filled a great place in my life already. . ."

"To-day I heard you for the first time since I lost my first baby at birth two months ago. You can never know how much it meant to me as memories rushed back to break my heart anew.

"My friends could not make a go of it in America and are going back to Germany. I am paying a few dollars each month on the bills they left behind so they could leave without shame and America will know they are honest." Then she asked for "God Be With You" for them as they sailed. Of course, I sang it. Yesterday, three months later, a picture of a mountain town on a card came from Germany, "Do you remember us? You sang us a farewell song." So their memories are torn between their failure to get a start in a new land and their love for the splendid friends they made here in America.

Most of the friends who write, tell of their sweetest and loveliest memories—even though sad. "Last year you sang for the birthday of my darling little baby girl on June 14th; she was so happy. This year she is in heaven—almost one year. We made so much over her birthday parties and she loved them so! Won't you sing to her in memory? There is so little to do—now."

Reflected from this mother's heart, came a little thought which I put into verse and called it "Her Birthday"—dedicated to this one of our once happy-hearted little listeners.

HER BIRTHDAY

One birthday candle shining bright
Gleamed on her golden hair.
She clapped her hands in sweet delight
She squealed and kicked her chair.

Two candles on her birthday cake
Brought many a laugh and shout.
And oh, the big breath that she took
To blow the candles out!

Before we knew it there were three;
Then four—so soon thereafter.
Each tiny trinket brought such glee
And peals of childish laughter.

Each candle was a wish, when five—
So sweet and thoughtful too.
How she, with deep concern, did strive
To make each wish come true!

The joys we found year after year
Just seemed to grow and grow.
With her day nought could interfere,
Because she loved it so.

But now—it's been a year to-night—
When candles had been seven,
For her, one candle, God—please light,
Her first birthday in heaven.

And so it goes—the kaleidoscope of life passes by me letter after letter—some revealing much—some little—just as it passes you on the road, the street, in the office, in the theater. . . .

A nurse writes from one of the homes for incurables—where those are sent who only lie and wait—"One of your most devoted listeners just passed away. She suffered terribly all through the day and night—but she vowed and prayed she would live to hear one more of your broadcasts. None of the doctors or nurses thought it possible for her to live more than an hour or two at most. However, when noon came she was still alive; dusk, then midnight—two—four—six A. M. At long last came eight o'clock—and finally nine. At 9:15, her eyes shining with her success, she listened joyfully—then peacefully. She repeated your goodbye after you—and at 9:20 she had gone to her Maker."

Just who are these letters from? Strangers? Unusual persons? No, they are from your friends and neighbors as well as mine—every-day persons, the butcher, the baker, the grandmother next door. In varying measure, such things happen to all of us. Life leads each one of us up the hills, through the valley and shadow. No one's path is smooth and clear. So, from my own wonderful heart-warming experience, my contacts with so many unseen friends, I have learned much. Truthfully and sincerely I can say if you but seek you shall find in the heart of anyone, enough of life at its best and its worst to draw you to him and to hold your interest and friendship, as much as any character of history or fiction.

Yet once I said, "I do not like people —I am interested only in things!"— It *is* incredible!

A GOOD SUMMER!

Mont Lawn has had a good summer—through the thoughtfulness and generosity of its friends our work for the children of the city's tenements has been something of which you and we can be proud. The most exciting, the most thrilling of the money-raising part of our work this summer has been watching the increased interest and contributions of the children throughout the whole United States. Little children in Vacation Bible classes, S. S. groups, young people Christian Endeavorers, Missionary Classes, Junior Boys and Girls have either worked to raise money or made sacrifice so that they could help the less fortunate children of the city's poor.

Thanks, kind friends of little children, may *you* know the joy your gifts brought to others.

Some of our friends have suggested that we tell *Christian Herald* readers about our bank that promotes saving all during the winter—drop us a postal if you are interested.

Christian Herald Children's Home

(Continued from page 22)

only saw her cherished school pass into other hands.

It was while Frances Willard was undergoing these worries that the news of the Woman's Crusade flashed like a meteor across the sky, and Chicago's women were mobilizing for the march on the Common Council.

And it was this march—and what eventuated—that awakened in this energetic feminist the conviction that, for the creating of wider and happier worlds for women, perhaps the field of temperance had it all over the field of education. Frances Willard took up her work as head of the Chicago branch of the W.C.T.U. without benefit of salary or expense account. "I'm simply going to pray, to work and to trust God," she announced.

She did all three, indefatigably and with abandon. It was all very exciting, very new. The Crusade was about spent, and the movement succeeding it was "the sober second thought." But there was nothing sober about her manner of organizing it. She was ardent with the intoxication of something rarer than the "ardent spirits" she was out to fight. Her goal was to make over the world—or at least that part of it lying in her domain. So, titilated with the wine of holy endeavor, the capable and enormously sincere woman threw herself into the task of organizing countless prayer meetings, whipping up interest where none existed before, rounding up workers, writing articles for the press and personally visiting the editors to enlist their tolerance if not their support, addressing secular and religious mass meetings, writing copy for pamphlets and pledges which she and her recruits scattered like leaves in a fall wind.

Meanwhile, the W.C.T.U. was just getting its stride as something more than a scattered group of skirmishers. In November, 1874, it held its first national convention in Cleveland. Frances Willard was a delegate from Illinois. Present, too, were Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Mrs. Governor Wallace and other wheelhorses of the new movement. These leaders looked over the energetic, flashing-eyed delegate from Illinois and quickly concluded that the Union had something there. In spite of her slight frame, she steamed with vitality, and her mind was quick and intuitive. Moreover, she had that rarest gift among reformers, a sense of humor, an ability to laugh at herself. She was nominated for president of the national society, but when she declined on the ground of her inexperience, they forced on her the job of national corresponding secretary—"first-mate on our newly-launched lifeboat of reform."

Immediately she gave them their Declaration of Principles and their first resolution, both of which were carried unanimously. The resolution was a transcript of her own courageous, faith-exalted, optimistic soul:

"Recognizing that our cause is, and will be, combated by mighty, determined, and relentless forces, we will, trusting in Him who is the Prince of Peace, meet argument with argument, misjudment with patience, denunciations with kindness, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer."

The ensuing years showed that she had

(Turn to next page)

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(Continued from page 55)

not underestimated "the relentless forces," and they made large drafts on her resources of argument, patience, kindness and prayer.

To begin with, there was the prevailing sentiment against woman in public work of any kind. Woman's design for living was outlined for her by a male contemporary: "Marriage is her avocation, child-bearing her occupation, fine needlework her recreation." There was profound mistrust for the "old maid" who refused to attend to her knitting. The day of the career girl was not yet.

Then, too, Miss Willard's new passion was one which many people found difficult to love. As she went about, gaining increased facility in public expression of her views on temperance, she was constantly made the target for newspaper jibes. They would poke fun at her, endeavor to explain away her philosophy, misquote her. Even the convenient aid of the typographical error warred against her. But she took it all good-naturedly, and in her autobiography even laughs at such slips in type.

But intrepid was the word for Frances, and she drove ahead, entering every open door that seemed to house prospective adherents for her cause—many of them leading nowhere but to an exit. In fact, she became accomplished in executing graceful exits. For instance, she worked for a while in 1877 with the noted evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, addressing his mass meetings for women, "beating about in the suburbs" wherever she could gain an audience. She might have continued this work except for an incident that proved Moody's jacket was too strait for her. She was invited to address a state temperance convention, presided over by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, president of the Massachusetts W.C.T.U.; but Mrs. Livermore was a religious liberal, and the evangelist strongly objected to Miss Willard appearing on the same platform with her. She deferred to his judgment, but when the meetings were over she sorrowfully resigned.

She had to find another exit after trying, for a while in 1877, to fit into the role of a Lyceum lecturer. Being "exploited all over the country, with as little regard for your comfort as if you were a codfish or a keg of nails," and then at the end to find "a human snowbank of folks," coldly critical and unresponsive as compared with the warmly invigorating temperance meetings, was not to her liking.

A third try at a venture that seemed to hold out possibilities of influence also fizzled, and that right early. When her brother Oliver died in 1878, Frances Willard and her sister-in-law bravely took over the editorship of his paper, the Chicago *Post*, dreaming great dreams of getting out a newspaper that would "so tell the world's story today that the world may be happier tomorrow." To that end she promptly announced that no more liquor ads would be accepted; moreover, only such news as would be approved by the editors would be printed. The paper folded in record time, and Miss Willard beat a hasty retreat from the callow world of journalism and business.

But there was one door from which Frances Willard, entering it at the shove from a stern conviction, refused to exit. That was woman's suffrage. It was doubtless man's inhumanity to woman in public life, and his ability to effectively block all her efforts for reform, that made Miss Willard determined to obtain for her a place at the polls. It was a broad endeavor, and risky to one's reputation. For in that day a woman with an itch to join the electorate was quite generally looked upon, by men and women alike, not a hussy exactly, but decidedly not the fairest example of her sex.

But Frances Willard had always stood for an equal balance between the sexes as against female subordination. It was inevitable, therefore, that one day this conviction should be "borne in upon my mind, as I believe from loftier regions: 'you are to speak for woman's ballot as a weapon for protection of the home!'"

In the main, however, the ladies of the W.C.T.U. did not at first share her revelation. Her request to speak before the 1876 International Temperance Convention on "The Home Protection Ballot for Women" was refused. But at the W.C.T.U. convention of the same year she stood upon her rights as a delegate and, welcome or not, let them have it. Her speech was a great shock to most of them. The national president rose hastily to make it clear that the speaker's radical utterances were her own. One prominent leader sidled up to her and snapped: "You might have been a leader in our national councils, but you have deliberately chosen to be only a scout."

But the anti-suffrage element reckoned without due consideration of the changing times and of the unchanging Miss Willard. Hindered from promoting suffrage nationally, she made the fur fly in her own state. In 1878, elected president of the Illinois W.C.T.U., one of her first acts was to send her women out into the highways and hedges to collect names to a petition asking that the question of licensing of the sale of intoxicating drinks should be determined by a special ballot "in which women of lawful age be privileged to take part." They got 200,000 names in nine months. Though the result of all this was nil so far as the saloons were concerned, it was great fun and "we roused the people so that, under the local option law, 625 towns went for prohibition out of 832 voting that spring!"

At the 1879 convention the White-Ribboners enthusiastically elected her their national president. She had already given them their motto, "For God and Home and Native Land"; and their original plan of work and Declaration of Principles. Too, she had been the first to streamline their conventions with parliamentary procedure, changing the sessions from inspired gab-fests to well-oiled engines for planning and promoting the organization's purposes.

Now, as their president, she was to give them infinitely more. The rapidly growing Union had become tangled with red tape, and its state department heads were complaining that the strongly centralized government held them with too tight a hand. President Willard swept into the discard the complicated central management and inaugurated a system ideal for simplicity, unity and the development of individual responsibility.

In the total worth of committees she

had little confidence. Remarking that "if Noah had appointed a committee the ark would still be on the stocks," she dissolved the committees and placed each department of work under the direction of one superintendent who was free to select her own aides.

With clear foresight, she saw that women were just beginning to form associations for the promotion of this and that. So she inaugurated her famous "Do Everything" policy, remarking that though "everything is not in the temperance reform, the temperance reform should be in everything." And in short order she had either absorbed into the Union or established close affiliation with women's groups working for everything from more and better cooking to universal peace. This brought into the Union many thousands of new workers. If a woman came forward with some pet scheme or favorite avenue for work, Miss Willard would listen intently, her snapping blue eyes slowly kindling with the vision. With her genius for organization hitting on all cylinders, she would rapidly sketch out ways to promote the idea, saying: "It's a splendid field. We'll make a department, and I'm appointing you superintendent. Get some ladies to help you, and push it for all you're worth!"

In short order she had no fewer than forty separate departments at work—feverishly; each superintendent convinced that her particular field was also the president's favorite. It is notable that many of the present-day societies for women, as well as most of today's forms of organized philanthropy by women, originated as W.C.T.U. departments under the roving eye of this woman who never ceased to search for new worlds to conquer.

As she went about America making total wrecks of such honored traditions as "woman's place is in the home" and "nice ladies don't raise rumpuses," she accumulated to herself an unprecedented amount of wholesale affection. The White-Ribboners gave her a devotion that approached idolatry. They called her "the apotheosis of American womanhood" and "The uncrowned queen of America." Only a keen sense of humor and a strict talent for self-appraisal helped her avoid the pitfalls of such adulation.

In 1889, when she was fifty and the W. C. T. U. was fifteen, she yielded to persuasion and wrote her autobiography. Her White-Ribboners had asked for a story that told "all about yourself," and she obliged—to the extent of some 650,000 words! But in it she did a more revealing and more interesting job of portraiture than any of her many literary undertakers.

There's little doubt that she made the grade in a big way. Of course, it was natural that there should be those stricken with jealousy in her circle. It was so large—and so exclusively feminine. One lady publicly arose in a convention to accuse her of using the Union to foster her own self-aggrandizement; another party observed: "If Frances Willard should push a plank out into the ocean, and should beckon the White-Ribbon women to follow her out to the end of it, they would all go without a question." Quite true it was, of course, but not meant for a compliment.

Yet Miss Willard revealed a striking ingenuity for avoiding friction, for ignoring personal thrusts and brushing aside all the tacks that malcontents would scatter in the path of her onward-marching order. She was equally slow to take offense at slams and slights from other quarters. The foes of her cause released blasts of ballyhoo designed to discredit her motives. The public press was often hostile, often unjustly critical. Even church leaders sometimes cold-shouldered her. But she went blandly and joyously on her way, heedless of opposition within and without her ranks, and jotted in her journal this observation: "The chief wonder of my life is that I dare to have so good a time, both physically, mentally and religiously!"

She had a good time on the public platform. There was a peculiarly persuasive magic in her speech. She could make a soap-box look like a throne. She was far from being a sensationalist, yet she could whip an audience into a lather of emotional reaction whenever she chose. Before she came on the scene, most temperance talk was rather filled with either tirades or tear-stained faces. But Frances Willard, though an avowed sentimentalist, could talk for hours without twanging a heart-string. She addressed herself mainly to the mind and the indignation departments thereof. She excelled at coining epigrams and pungent figures of speech, and could throw a phrase like a lariat.

And she appeared everywhere. To keep her speaking engagements she travelled on an average of 20,000 miles a year for many years. Trains and boats were her workshops. Accompanied by her secretary and her traveling bag, "Old Faithful" (which was always crammed with letters, speeches, documents), she worked as she went, making plans and writing letters, articles, books and speeches during the day, and addressing big gatherings at night. She was a supreme energist, this little woman with the red hair and the dignified bearing. Within ten years after her election as president of the W. C. T. U., she had spoken in every city in the United States holding a population of 10,000 and above, and at hundreds of small towns and villages.

No woman's life was ever less her own. Personal independence, for which she had contended valiantly as a girl, was now submerged in the necessary though often tiresome business of being always an "example." When an amiable hostess one day invited her to relieve her fatigue with a glass of wine, she said gravely: "Madam, 200,000 women would lose somewhat of their faith in humanity if I should drink so much as a drop of wine." It was true, of course. But the task of staying flawless, day and night, year in and year out, before the loving but censorious eyes of 200,000—later, a half million—must have appalled her at times.

On every hand, especially in the early years of the Union, Frances Willard had to overcome the prevailing opposition to woman on the platform. Strangely, she found this prejudice most deep-seated in the church. It was not because the preachers and bishops loved Bacchus that they consistently refused her a place in their pulpits or before their conferences; they

(Turn to next page)

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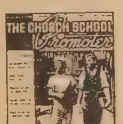

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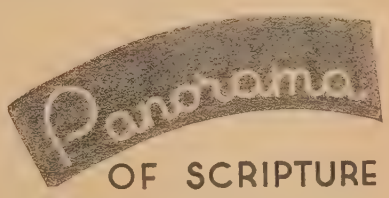

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GOOD cooks in all forty-eight states prefer Burnett's pure Vanilla for sure flavor success in desserts, cakes, and candies.

(Continued from page 57)

simply loved St. Paul more—him and his admonishment that women should keep silent in the church. But whenever she did obtain a hearing, her genteel bearing and the fiery shafts of her logic dispelled opposition and encouraged the churchmen to let down the bars.

She was under no delusions as to the slippery character of politics—and of politicians. She had had frequent contact with the pusher-arounders, and had even stood in silent wrath one day and watched legislators roll her petitions into balls and toss them from hand to hand under the dome of the Illinois capitol. Yet she saw in politics her principal hope for the ultimate triumph of Prohibition. If she could only lead her White-Ribboners to make enough stir in the political arena, she felt, woman would not only win the right to vote but would encourage the outlawing of booze. Woman's Suffrage and Prohibition; the causes must march side by side.

Persuading the White-Ribboners to go along with her was, however, no easy task. Ever since she had first trotted out her "Home Protection Ballot" scheme, it had been an uphill fight. Yet they had responded, most of them, to her logic on the question, and gradually, against great opposition, she had led the Union to endorse and work for constitutional amendments, for state prohibition, for local option, for every kind of temperance measure.

First, she pinned her hopes on her own party, the Republicans. So, backed by the still doubtful W.C.T.U., she went bravely as a delegate to the party's committee on resolutions. But it was "no sale." The Republicans admitted her, listened to her speech, politely applauded—then did nothing.

The Democrats likewise took no action. The Greenbacks, to which she next turned, put in a plank, but were unenthusiastic. Only the Prohibition Party gave her the warm welcome she hungered for. Sorrowfully she waded into her Rubicon, afterward saying: "So then and there I bade the 'Grand Old Party' an everlasting farewell, and took up my line of march toward the Grand Army of Reform."

There is no record that the Republican Party was prostrated at losing her, but when she returned to the White-Ribboners—many of whom were staunch party workers in one camp or the other—to tell the story of her treatment at the hands of the major party leaders, and announced that she was aligning herself with the Prohibition Party and recommended that they follow suit, some wept and some gnashed their teeth. But for the most part, their loyalty to the White-Ribbon cause and the eloquence of Frances Willard prevailed, and from 1884 on the National Union and the Prohibitionists officially linked arms, though political affiliations in the state and local branches were left entirely to their own choice.

The pressure by the president for the Union to take this step, and especially Miss Willard's energetic attacks on the corruptions within the old parties, caused no little dissention and some losses to the W.C.T.U. But it gave the cause great publicity and brought many new recruits to the colors.

And now, with the political lines sharply drawn and her Union definitely in line with a party with which she could work on for the ultimate triumph of her goals, Frances Willard's eyes began to rove farther afield. As early as 1875 she had dreamed of expanding the W.C.T.U. into a world-wide order. But the pressure of the work at home had delayed the development. Now in the early eighties, however, she could take out her dream and put it to work at the business of coming true. A "missionary" was sent forth to sell the W.C.T.U. to other lands, and in six years the organization spread through fifty countries.

To give the White-Ribbon missionaries an entree, as well as to show the world how universal was the urge for reform, Frances Willard wrote her famous Polyglot Petition to the rulers of the world. It was signed in fifty different languages, eventually accumulated seven million signatures, weighed more than a ton, and was carted about the world for ten years and displayed in great halls everywhere. On February 19, 1895, the Petition, with its five miles of signatures mounted on canvas, was shipped in a freight car to Washington where it was formally presented by Miss Willard to President Cleveland.

From 1891, when she was elected president of the World Union she had founded, Frances Willard's work was largely international. For the next six years she divided her time between her foreign travels—mostly in England in company with Lady Henry Somerset, head of the British W.C.T.U.—and the United States, to which she returned for the national conventions and for brief vacations. She had grown frail and sickly with the approach of age and her ceaseless labors, yet she shouldered the terrific burdens just as bravely as ever, and insisted on meeting all calls and entering all open doors with the same energy and vision that had marked her early pioneering efforts.

It was inevitable that her strength should give way. It began to ebb in the winter of 1896. But early in 1898, while on a visit to New York, her vitality began to ebb, and refused to flow again. At the Empire Hotel, where she was being entertained by the management, she lay for days, while all over the country the White-Ribbon women went to their knees in supplication that she might be spared.

But she herself knew it was the end.

About midday on February 16, 1898, she began to go. Once she rallied, and grief-stricken friends saw her lips move. Leaning close, they heard her whispering words out of her vanishing consciousness. She was quoting verse that through storm and stress, victory and triumph, had been a sort of poetic banner over her head:

"I am Merlin
And I am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow the gleam."

She was still following the gleam when, a few hours later, her restless spirit took flight to the only Place where all her dreams for earth could be realized. Some rejoiced that at last she had found a haven. But some were irreverent enough to suggest that she still would be restless. Even There.

STAMPS . . .

Paper

By Winthrop Adams

IF YOU want to know stamps you've just got to know paper. That's a big order; I know of no more confusing angle in philately than this business of the different papers involved in the manufacture of stamps. On my desk is a pile of letters from bewildered collectors, wanting to know how on earth they can tell chalky from granite, wove from laid, ribbed from quadrilled paper. It sounds difficult and it will take some time to get it straight, but when you do get it straight you've got something.

First of all you must understand the difference between woven paper and laid paper. All paper, as you know, is made from pulp; it is almost a liquid in its first stage, a very thick liquid that is mixed and boiled and rolled out in great thin sheets or rolls. Smeared on a belt conveyor, these thin sheets are passed under a roller known as a "dandy roll." The dandy roll determines a lot; it rolls over the soft, pliable pulp and marks it.

Sometimes the dandy roll is covered with a very fine wire mesh that leaves little or no impression on the paper at all; scarcely touching it, it leaves the pulp to harden in its original state, and therefore the dry paper looks as though it had been "woven." This is what the catalogue calls "wove" paper. Most of your stamps are on this variety of paper.

But occasionally the dandy-roll is made of a series of parallel wires set very close to each other, instead of the interwoven fine wire gauze that produces your wove paper; when these parallel wires strike the wet pulp, it transfers to the pulp a series of alternate dark and light line. These lines may run horizontally, or they may run vertically. Look for them under a magnifying glass; when you find them, you know you have "laid" paper.

Get this wove and laid difference straight first; it's elementary. When you have this, you will find that both wove and laid may show lines running wider apart, finely ruled: this is Batonne paper. (*Baton*, in French means a staff. You have a series of "staffs" on your paper.) Or sometimes you'll find lines impressed into your paper forming squares, or diamonds, or rectangles. When they form perfect squares they are called "quadrille."

In your catalogue you'll find other terms that need no explanation: red or green paper, thick, thin, soft, hard paper. "Prelure" paper is thin, tough, hard, almost transparent; if you specialize in China or Japan, you will often come across paper made of silk or rice fibres. "Granite" paper doesn't mean that it's as hard as granite, but that very small fibres of silk have been worked into the wet pulp to give it a grayish, granite color. "Silk paper" is that in which the silk threads are much larger; "ribbed" paper looks like heavily corrugated paper; "double" paper is just what its name suggests: it is two thin sheets of paper pasted together.

Here's hoping this will help those readers who are so puzzled about it. If it doesn't, take your stamp to an expert—and don't be disappointed if the expert is stumped, for by the time a stamp has been canceled and handled a hundred times, even an expert may scratch his head—and tell you to take it to another expert, who will scratch *his* head and . . . .

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Question Box

(Note: All queries demanding an immediate answer must enclose self-addressed, stamped, return envelope. All others must wait their turn in Question Box. Queries as to the value of stamps must enclose stamps mentioned; we cannot offer to sell stamps for readers. . . . Editor.)

Q: Will you have more loose leaf sheets? The first five were beautiful. How about five more for animals? Ans.: There will probably be a lot more loose leaf sheets, if the demand for the first five is large enough. First responses were encouraging. Editor is quite sure there will be a long series of sheets. Watch this column for announcement.

Q.: Can I make my own cellophane covers? I find ready-mounts expensive, when I get to mounting my hundreds of stamps. Can you buy cellophane in sheets? Ans.: You can make your own. Editor has many stamps sheathed in cellophane—but they don't look so good. If you must economize, mount your best stamps in ready-mades, try your hand at making covers for cheaper issues.

Q.: Here's one you'll never answer. I've got a stamp marked with the letters YKPAIHCBKA. What is it? Ans.: Ask us another. This stamp is from Ukrainia. And N.S.B. on a French Colonial means Nossi Be. Did you know that?

Q.: I look in vain for watermarks on current U. S. stamps. Don't we use them? Ans.: We did use them, from 1895 to 1915; U. S. issues since then have neglected watermarking. At best, watermarking is only a guard against counterfeiting, and there isn't enough stamp counterfeiting in the U. S. for the authorities to worry over.

Q.: Your column is great: now I want a stamp magazine. Is there one? Ans.: There are several. *Stamps* is the best, I think; published in New York. *Linn's Weekly*, of Columbus, Ohio, is good.

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

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☆

OCTOBER 1

The Infancy of Jesus

MATTHEW 1 and 2
(Printed lesson Matt.2:13-23)

IN THESE few verses in the first chapter of Matthew are told the profound facts of a great miracle. "The very reserve and naturalness with which the story of the Nativity is told is the best assurance of its truth. The writer has in view certain questions, to which the facts told in the simplest language furnish the answer." The facts are these: Mary and Joseph were betrothed, which in Jewish law amounted to marriage. Instead of following the natural human course Mary came to be with child of the Holy Ghost. Jesus was "conceived by the Holy Ghost." Joseph, with a reputation for strict observance of the law, determined to enforce it as humanely and considerately as possible, by putting her aside. But while he reflected on what he should do he had a dream in which he had conversation with an angel. Joseph was ready for the revelation that came. He was conscious of his own standing in the line of David, and of the fact that the Messiah would come from that line. So when he was told that Mary's child would be from the Holy Ghost, and would fulfill the age-old prophecy, Joseph was satisfied.

Luke's Gospel gives the details of Jesus' birth in the stable at Bethlehem; Matthew tells of the strange visitors from the East. In all the lands where Jews were found, and also in the East, there was an expectancy about the coming of the Deliverer.

The announcement by the wise men that a new King of the Jews had been born could mean to Herod but one thing, —that a supplanter had come. His decree, therefore, that all male children under two years of age in the vicinity of Bethlehem should be killed seemed to be a certain way of exterminating Jesus.

1. While there are some points of difficulty in accepting the Virgin Birth there are many more in rejecting it. The simplest and best way is to accept it without explaining it or explaining it away.

2. There is great spiritual significance to the fact that strangers in other lands knew of the birth of the Messiah and hastened to pay Him reverence.

3. Violence usually defeats its own ends. Herod accomplished nothing in his slaughter of the children except to give himself an accursed name through all time.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why is the Virgin Birth of Jesus important to you?

2. How much of the miraculous do you like to associate with the Bethlehem story of the birth of Jesus? Why?

3. How does God reveal Himself to His people today?

OCTOBER 8

The Forerunner of the King

MATTHEW 3
(Printed lesson Matt. 3:1-17)

JOHN THE BAPTIZER is the perfect example of a man with a mission. No reference is ever made to him which does not relate him definitely to the initiation and furtherance of the ministry of Jesus Christ. Before Jesus could suddenly appear on the scene with a preaching of repentance based on love, there was needed a call to repentance based on judgment.

Every teacher and class will consider these points from the third chapter:

1. *The appearance and nature of John.* Luke tells of John's birth, but disposes of all his years from babyhood to manhood in one statement (Luke 1: 80). "No one knows how long John lived in the desert. He thought about his nation and God and the future. He dreamed of a good and great time to come when One sent by God would right wrongs and bring in God's Kingdom. . . ."

Someone must tell the people, John thought, and he decided to do it himself. His coarse appearance, his challenging words, his summons to witness the new work of the Kingdom brought to him crowds in the Jordan valley. When a man repented of his sins, and declared that he wanted to live a new sort of life John sealed the decision by a baptism in Jordan's waters.

2. *John had a message.* No ordinary preacher could summon so many people to a remote spot. He must have had an unusual message. "It was first of all that the Kingdom was at hand. . . But that was not the whole of John's message, nor what was new in it. The new note was the word 'repent.'" (Roll, *The Life of Jesus.*)

3. *John was bold in denouncing sinners.* The figures of speech used in describing the Pharisees and Sadducees were easily understood. They are reptiles who creep out of their holes before the heat of a desert fire; they are trees which should bear fruit; they are dead trees with the axe already beginning to cut them down; they are the worthless chaff which is blown away from the real grain by the wind of the winnowing fan.

4. *John announced the coming of Jesus.* With the multitudes coming to him John might have pursued his personal popularity, but he yielded not to the temptation. Instead he pointed his finger to Jesus,—"mightier than I."

5. *John helped to prepare Jesus for His task.* The contribution of humanity to Jesus' total work is no small one. Each of the prophets who foretold His coming had a part; Joseph and Mary and John who baptized him,—all had a large part in His success.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What message does John the Baptist have for today?
2. If John were to appear in our country, upon whom would he center his attack?
3. What is the importance of baptism in our day?

OCTOBER 15

The Temptation of Jesus

MATTHEW 4
(Printed lesson Matt. 4:1-11)

THE first reminder of the validity of the account of the temptation is the fact that it must have come from the lips of Jesus, since He was alone for the entire period of forty days.

1. *The first temptation,* to yield to physical demands. Jesus was conscious of His miraculous power, especially since the witness from heaven at His baptism. He was also hungry as a result of His long fast. The tempter knew that this would be a vulnerable point if any at all existed.

The temptation went further than the mere satisfaction of hunger. It really was to find out if Jesus would establish the principle of using His power to gain His own ends. His answer covered His whole future course.

2. *The second temptation,* to take a short cut to influence and popularity. Satan took Jesus in spirit to the very highest point of the Temple where He could see a whole multitude of people and be seen by them. Then, at His will, He could descend to the ground and appear among them unhurt.

But Jesus had His principle thoroughly established. He would gain favor and acceptance, but He would not do it hastily, nor by questionable methods. He would establish His Messiahship by His loving character and gracious deeds.

3. *The third temptation,* to take chances with possessions. Here the tempter made his last stand. "If Jesus will not miraculously cure His hunger, if He will not hurl Himself into popular favor, surely He will yield when I place before Him the lure of earthly possessions." "There was only one other way to try to have world-rule. That was to try to build a kingdom of love among all men. . . . Jesus made the great decision. He rejected world empire." (Mathews, *A Life of Jesus.)*

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Do you consider the three temptations, to physical demands, to personal power, to riches, as major temptations to men today?
2. Why was it necessary for Jesus to be tempted?
3. What help is available for anyone who is tempted?

OCTOBER 22

The Citizens of the Kingdom

MATTHEW 5:1-16

THE Beautitudes form a wonderful opening to the greatest sermon ever preached, and the verses immediately following put all disciples of Jesus to the test of Kingdom citizens. The whole of the Sermon on the Mount is a treatise on Christian character and conduct, the Beau-

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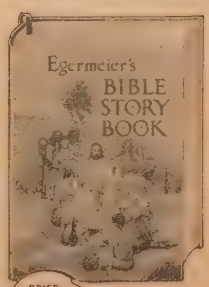

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titudes giving a slight outline of what is to follow. These opening words look partly toward God and partly toward men.

It should be noted that Jesus is here describing citizens of the Kingdom, and that their qualifications are not legal performances but the possession of certain traits of character. This was in marked contrast to what was expected when the Messiah would claim His kingdom. His followers, thought the people, would be ambitious, selfish and strong-willed. There would be no place for weaklings. Jesus puts in high place those who show humility, meekness, and poverty of spirit. He determined not to use force, either in masses of men or in individual persons, and He has never changed His basic requirements.

The Qualities of a Kingdom Citizen

1. *Poverty of spirit.* "This is the opposite of pride, self-righteousness, and self-conceit; the spirit of the publican rather than of the Pharisee; the spirit of those who wish to learn rather than to teach, to obey rather than to command, and to become as little children in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven." *(One Volume Commentary.)*

2. *Sorrow as a means to blessedness.* This may be the sorrow that comes from personal tribulation and chastening; that comes from sympathy with others in their troubles; that comes from sin; or that comes from the sins of other people. Those who bear their sorrows with patience find that they have more patience given to them; indeed, sorrow becomes a source of many blessings which otherwise would not have come. Many Christians can testify to this glorious truth.

3. *Meekness makes wide influence.* There was much pride in Jesus' day, and there is much now. Meekness is its opposite. The world looks to the man of power, of learning, of culture, of race; Jesus points toward self-control and quietness.

4. *Mercy begets mercy.* The real motive for mercy is not physical or social, but religious or spiritual. This mercy should be shown toward all living creatures, and should include speech as well as other bodily powers. For one can be unmerciful in words as well as in the use of a rod or a rifle.

5. *Unmixed devotion takes one to God.* The Gospel requires singleness of content in the heart, which stands for the inward soul of man.

6. *Discord should be reconciled,* and its application is to individuals who are at odds with each other, or groups who contend against each other, or nations which go to war.

7. *Suffering for Christ is Worthy.* Not suffering alone, or by itself, but bearing ignominy, or pain, or detachment because of loyalty to Christ. There is much of this in the world today, for in many lands those who follow Christ come to bear hard and heavy crosses.

Kingdom Citizens are Witnesses. Verses 13-16 pull up these rather passive qualities into a program of action. By their very loyalty to the qualities of grace and devotion the lives of true Christians become as salt, to preserve mankind from decay and corruption. They are as lights that shine out in the darkness; no man can fail to see them.

OCTOBER 29

Beverage Alcohol and Social Progress

(INTERNATIONAL TEMPERANCE SUNDAY)
Mic. 2:9-11; Luke 21:29-31, 34-36; I Cor. 6:9-11

MANY studies have been made in recent years concerning the effects of alcohol on the immediate user. That case is sufficiently well-made that anyone concerned may be informed. Medical and other scientific reports are practically united in denying *any* beneficial results and in establishing *many* harmful results to the one who drinks alcohol in any quantity. Much of the material used here comes from an excellently written booklet by Mary Lewis Reed, a registered nurse, who has gathered together in brief compass much factual information under the title, *"Alcohol—Its Physiological and Psychological Effects and Their Social Consequences."* (Teachers and classes would do well to use this booklet in its entirety as the basis for this lesson. 10 cents per copy, Mary Lewis Reed, Room 902; 468 Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

1. Alcohol begins its social effects in impairing public health, fostering communicable diseases, increasing the expense of public hospitalization, and adding almost unmeasured cost to institutions necessary for the treatment of physical and mental diseases. "The British Minister of Health said in 1926 in *'An Outline of the Practice of Preventive Medicine,'* 'If we are to rear and maintain a healthy race we must deal first with alcoholism, venereal disease and mental deficiency. We have a closely interlocked trinity of causation. Alcohol is the ally and handmaiden of venereal disease. The two go hand in hand. When alcohol is wedded to venereal disease the offspring is feeble-mindedness.' "

2. Alcohol makes a large contribution to crime. The second stage of alcoholic intoxication often releases emotions which tend to violence, and disorderly conduct, assaults, stabbing, shooting and like crimes result. How frequently murderers and robbers are prepared for their crimes by one or more drinks of alcohol. "It is stated by students of criminology that alcoholism is responsible for 80 per cent of the anti-social propensities that make necessary jails and correctional institutions." (Quoted from *The Value of Law Observance,* U. S. Department of Justice.)

3. Alcohol is the enemy of public safety. "In 1937 there were 39,800 fatal motor accidents in the United States. Investigation proved that 60 per cent of these drivers had been drinking one hour before."

4. The use of alcohol has a direct bearing on poverty. One responsible committee of investigation reported that "in the United States alcohol was responsible directly or indirectly for at least 25 per cent of all the poverty requiring relief by charitable organizations, for 37 per cent of all the pauperism, for 45.8 per cent of child destitution."

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why do many persons continue to use alcohol in spite of its known dangers to health?

2. Is there any solution for crime apart from the solution of the liquor evil?

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(Continued from page 35)

central book of the Middle Ages, can, as Dean Buchanan points out, hardly be over-estimated. One great book invariably affects other books that come after it, but the Bible, itself a compilation of great books, drew all books before it into itself and illuminates all that follow. It included all that was noblest in Greek and Hebrew philosophy; its teachings permeate and influence all modern thought.

The study and interpretation of the Bible was the foundation of the great educational system that had its beginning in the Middle Ages, a system that has lasted longer and exercised an incomparably greater influence than any other in the history of the world.

The reading matter for the fourth year was naturally the most difficult to select and has given rise to the most discussion. The field of human knowledge has broadened so much in the last two centuries, and the number of writers to choose from is so much greater, that opinion can differ very widely on which are the essential authors to be retained in what must necessarily be a limited list.

Apart from the science list already mentioned, the student in his last year is required to read Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Voltaire's Candide, Swift's Gulliver's Travels, Goethe's Faust, Rousseau's Social Contract, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, the American Constitution, the Federalist Papers, Malthus' Essay on the Principles of Population, Marx' Das Capital, Fielding's Tom Jones, Zola's Experimental Novel, Balzac's Père Goriot, Flaubert's Madame Bovary, Thackeray's Henry Esmond, Dickens' David Copperfield, Ibsen's Doll's House, Dostoevski's Crime and Punishment, Tolstoi's War and Peace, Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, Schopenhauer's The World as Will and Idea, Hegel's Science of Logic, Peacock's Algebra, Boole's Laws of Thought, Bentham's Principles of Morals and of Legislation, Mill's System of Logic, James' Principles of Psychology, and Freud's Papers on Hysteria. Quite a list, and there is no elective system at St. John's!

Stringfellow Barr, president of the College, a former Rhodes Scholar, with a brilliant record as a teacher at Virginia and Chicago, believes that, by the time he graduates, the student should have achieved a well disciplined mind, and such an achievement implies a quickened imagination, the power to reason clearly, the capacity to apply theory in practice. In addition to being able to read, write and reckon more skillfully and fruitfully than the American college graduate of today commonly does, in addition to being able and willing to face real problems, he should be able to recognize those eternal problems which his ancestors faced before him and which recur for every generation of human beings. Experience has taught that the best statements of these problems are the "classics" of human thought; and since the student, whether he likes it or no, will have to do his thinking and feeling in the great European tradition to which he was born, his best chance of discovering himself lies in claiming his natural heritage—the wisdom of that tradition.

(Continued on page 71)

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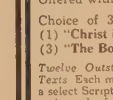

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(Continued from page 43)

Baby Cereal. Baby has a new breakfast food, a dry pre-cooked cereal composed of whole wheat flour, semolina, cornmeal, wheat germ, malt, dried brewer's yeast, calcium phosphate, table salt and soluble iron salt. The wheat germ and dried brewer's yeast supply additional vitamins in the vitamin B group. Mineral salts increase the calcium, phosphorus and iron. To use this breakfast food add warm milk or formula milk to obtain the desired consistency. As a starting cereal, the doctor may recommend one tablespoon of the cereal in four or more tablespoons of milk for the first few feedings. Later the proportion of cereal to milk may be increased gradually. The cereal, almost a flaked chip, absorbs milk easily, taking on the appearance of a cooked cereal of the consistency of a fine oatmeal.

Danish Dessert. A surprise awaited the Crown Prince Frederik and Princess Ingrid of Denmark when they visited the commercial exhibit of a large American food company at the World's Fair. The surprise was a serving of Danish dessert made from a mixture of red berry juices thickened with tapioca starch. This is a dessert 100 years old in Denmark, eaten by everyone, and made usually of fresh berries, the juice strained through a cloth —this to be thickened with rice flour or sago.

The pudding being introduced to America is of the ready-prepared class. Pour the powder from the 10 cent package into a pan containing a pint of cold water (never use milk), and bring to a brisk boil, stirring constantly. Boil one minute, no more. Pour into a serving bowl or individual glasses, and you have dessert for five. Chill three to four hours, then serve with light cream. The dessert cannot be moulded, so don't waste time on that idea.

Deep Sea Diver. There is a deep-sea diver in the cracker family that we didn't know about until the World's Fair. You know the cracker; it's been around for several years, but here's peanuts for pecans you didn't know the package could be submerged in water for a twenty-four hour period and come out with every cracker as dry and crisp as the day they were packed.

The crackers have five wrappings. First a vegetable parchment, then the cardboard inner box, next a layer of heavy waxed paper, heat sealed, then another waxed paper wrapping, similarly sealed; over all, an outside wrapper, waxed to shed water like a duck's back. The cracker itself leaves nothing to be desired. It's light and flaky, lightly seasoned with salt and tastes of butter but never leaves a greasy film on the fingertips.

Just Add the Freeze. There is an ice cream mix with everything in it but the "freeze." Vanilla and chocolate are the flavors. The just-under-a-pint can of the mixture makes a quart of ice cream after freezing. Freeze it in the automatic refrigerator, or use a hand freezer; it makes no difference to the final dish. This ready-to-freeze mix is made from fresh dairy cream, concentrated milk, egg yolks, cane sugar, maltose, dextrin and dextrose. It contains an edible stabilizer (no gelatin) and flavoring.

The final result is a rich, creamy product, free of crystals and one that stands up well during storage. If the first freezing is almost to the solid point, followed by a thorough beating, an airier product results than if the mixture is beaten only when the side and bottom of the tray is lined with frozen mixture, as the can instructions direct.

Heat and Eat. Rice, the leading international food, is at last offered in cans, perfectly cooked, dry as the Sahara, yet tender as those experts, the Chinese, know so well how to do it. This is American-grown rice, finest head coming from Louisiana and Texas, and American-packed by a newly patented process. It is an unpolished rice cooked eight times longer than the rice one cooks at home, yet the grain is dry on the outside, the moisture sealed within. Each plump grain can be separated from every other, perfect as a solitaire, not one shows up broken or gummed with moisture.

Such complete dryness of the grain makes it possible to pack the cereal under great pressure, wedging it so firmly into the can that it takes a sturdy fork and a strong arm to get the cereal out again. It turns out in big pieces. Separate the grains, gently, with the back of a fork. The twelve-ounce can as a solid pack makes but one and a quarter cups of rice. After fluffing, it gives two full cups and sometimes more.

This ready-cooked rice is convenient to add to soups just before serving, to use in casseroles, to pat into rice cakes, or as a foundation for a pudding. No long cooking and monkey business steaming the rice to make it fluff and keep the grain dry.

Tid Bit News. A West Coast tuna fish company, sensing a need for a grated style tuna that would require no mincing, shredding or flaking, have developed tuna in tid bit style as a team mate for their more expensive solid pack. They advise the solid to serve cold with a hot sauce or as a salad where a large handsome centerpiece of fish is desired. The shredded is for your convenience in fish loaves, for sandwiches, for casseroles. This sea food company makes a specialty of packing only the yellow-fin tuna, which is a tuna high in flavor, light pink in color and of finely textured flesh.

The finest quality of tuna is the Albacore, or the long fin, a medium size fish of very white meat and mild sweet flavor. When this tuna is caught fresh and packed in America no other can compare with it. But the product here is comparatively rare and the foreign white tuna is a frozen fish pack usually sadly lacking in subtle flavors. As the yellow-fin tuna is the next highest in flavor, here we usually accept it as the first choice.

Any number of fish, when cooked, resemble tuna in color and somewhat in taste. To date tuna labeling is far from adequate. There is such a difference, even in the flavor of the various tuna varieties, that there is need for a label to specify the exact type tuna a can contains.

(Continued from page 41)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15

THE GUIDANCE OF GOD.

"LEAD ME AND GUIDE ME."
READ EXODUS 13:17-22.

LEAD your thoughts today toward the graciousness of the Almighty. He had called Israel to go forth to Canaan. Yet He did not allow them to find their own way. If they were willing to be guided, there was the pillar of cloud to show the direction. Then as night fell, they were given the
KINDLY glow of the pillar of fire, assuring them of the divine presence, and that fidelity on which they could depend. No questions about God's adequacy for their needs, no fear about the future, molested them. Obedience and trust were God's only requirements.
LIGHT is promised to the Christian for every step of life's way. Jesus said, "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Let us know more fully the worth of Thy divine promises, that trusting in the promptings of Thy Spirit, we may be daily guided in the way of life. For Christ's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16

THE SOUL'S SUSTENANCE.

"HE GAVE THEM BREAD FROM HEAVEN."
READ JOHN 6:30-35.

WITH the ingathering of a bountiful harvest, our daily bread is sure. But just as there is something almost miraculous in the grain of wheat which is multiplied, so is there in the bread which is made of it. How does that bread nourish life? How does it supply brawn for the blacksmith and brain for the banker? We seldom waste time in such questions. We do not necessarily understand the digestive processes by which it is transmuted into energy. We eat and are strong. So is it with that bread of life of which Jesus spoke. People stumbled at His words. Yet we have but to receive Him into our souls, by faith, to know how He can sustain, strengthen, satisfy.

Our Father, as we pray for the daily bread we need, show us also our need of that spiritual sustenance which our Lord promised. Thus feeding upon Him, we shall be strengthened. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17

COMPENSATIONS.

"SET THE ONE AGAINST THE OTHER."
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:8-13.

THE soldier who lost a leg exclaimed, "Glory be! Now I have only one shoe to clean instead of two." That is perhaps an exaggerated view of compensations. But it is better than not being able to see the redeeming features of life. If we have not much money, we yet escape many a snare. If we are denied the world's praise, we have the commendation of Christ. If we have had to sacrifice some things for His sake, we have His superb sacrifice for our sake. Therefore, with the spirit of Paul, look for life's compensations. Suppress all repining and self-pity. Cultivate the thankful heart. And read Emerson's essay on Compensations, coupled with the Apostle's word cited above. It will help you.

O Thou who hast given us all things richly to enjoy, enable us daily to discern the mercies which crown our days. So shall we rejoice in Thy bounty. Through Christ, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18

FILTHY RAGS.

"ALL OUR RIGHTEOUSNESSES ARE."
READ ISAIAH 64:1-8.

THE term is unpleasant, and yet. . . . Queen Victoria once visited a paper factory, near the royal castle of Windsor. She was deeply interested in the complex machinery, and the various processes through which the raw material passed. But the senses of sight and smell were somewhat offended when, passing into another room in the factory, she saw piles of filthy rags being sorted. She was perplexed until it was pointed out that the finest paper was made from this unsavoury and unpromising material. A few days later, she received a supply of delicate, cream notepaper, woven from that same stuff. God can take the defiled, and make it clean; the discarded life, and make it of use. Therefore, glory in His saving power.

Because the best of us is sinful, because our lives are defiled, we sometimes despair. But help us to believe in Thee, to trust Thy saving grace, that we may yet be worthy of Thee. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE.

"CAN A MAN TAKE FIRE IN HIS BOSOM?"
READ PROVERBS 4:14-27.

A HEAVY smudge hanging on the distant horizon may indicate a devastating forest fire; a dense black curtain, tinged with red, looming over the city, may be a vast conflagration. Both mean grievous destruction and loss. They prove that, "Where there's smoke there's fire." And the writer of Proverbs shows us that a man cannot carry fire in his bosom and not be burned. Where there is laxity about religious observance, where faith has become non-effective as an inspiring and restraining force, where there is unwillingness to put Christ first, we have the spiritual equivalent of that smoke which reveals a smouldering fire. We cannot trifle with sin: its effects are disastrous. But the fire of the Spirit enables us to fight fire with fire.

Thou knowest how prone we are to relax our vigilance, and to become the victims of sin. Guard Thou us. Grant unto us Thy grace. So shall security from evil be ours. Amen.

(Turn to next page)

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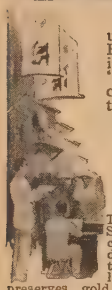

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(Continued from page 65)

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20

ON BECOMING RICH.

"RICH TOWARD GOD."

READ LUKE 12:13-21.

SOME one has said, "Money is the universal purchaser of everything but happiness, and the passport to everywhere except heaven." That is not much of a compliment to that on which we expend so much effort and thought. Of course, money is good, and much good can be done with it. Our Lord was not condemning success or prosperity when he told of the rich landed propietor, with his well-filled barns. The one mistake that man made was in allowing the material to be confused with the spiritual. Money cannot buy happiness, nor can it secure the soul a place in heaven. But the true riches can do both. Let us then keep a careful balance that we may be rich toward God.

Thou knowest how easily we lose sight of Thy divine will for us, and the meaning of life. Guide us ever by Thy Holy Spirit that we may live worthily of Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21

THE WAY TO WISDOM.

"WISE UNTO SALVATION."

READ II TIMOTHY 3:10-17.

"TO BE forewarned is to be forearmed." So runs the old saying. And while it is easy to be wise after an event, it is much more important to be wise before. We do not always realize the practical value of the Holy Word as a guide-book for life. It marks the danger points; it shows the things which should not be missed. The young may avoid the pitfalls of the way by heeding its counsel. The mature may be cheered and inspired. The sorrowful and tried find consolation. And the sinful discover, the seeking find, the unique Saviour of mankind. So Paul's word to Timothy stands the test. "The holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation."

For the light and guidance of Thy Word we bless Thee. Implant in us a desire to know it better, to follow its directions more implicitly that we may grow in grace. Amen.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22

THE VOICE DIVINE.

"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH."

READ I SAMUEL 3:1-10.

HOW can God speak to man? In the Bible we have this story of Samuel, and also those of Adam, Noah, Abraham, and Moses, in which the voice was heard. The Scriptures themselves are a revelation of God's will for man. How can God speak to man? How did holy men of old speak as they were moved by the Holy Spirit? But how does man speak to man? Directly, by telephone, and also by radio. We are constantly hearing the voices of men whom we have not seen. Yet we know them real. And just as there is a difference in the power of various radios, so that some may miss what a larger set will pick up clearly, so there were receptive souls, attuned to God. He speaks, and man may hear.

Help us in Thy Word, in communion with Thee, to know Thy will and guidance, so that we may ever walk in the way of Thy statutes, and find blessing and peace.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23

ON BEING AMBITIOUS.

"FOR THIS CAUSE CAME I."

READ JOHN 18:33-40.

"I CHARGE thee, fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels." The well-known advice of Cardinal Wolsey may seem to condemn ambition in the Christian. But when we recall that this was the word of a bitter and disillusioned man, who had lived for himself alone, then we understand. Jesus spoke of the reason for His coming into the world. There is also a divine purpose for us. We must learn what that purpose is. We must see the possibilities of true greatness and the glorious goal God has set us.

Be our talents many or few, help us to be faithful. Create in us a desire for still greater achievements for Thee. Save us from self-complacency or despair that we may strive. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24

FOLLOW THE CHRIST.

"FOLLOW ME, AND I WILL MAKE YOU."

READ MATTHEW 4:17-25.

HAVE you noticed how often that command was on Christ's lips? He addressed it to Simon Peter and Andrew, promising to make them fishers of men. He said it to Levi, immersed in his money-making, and showed the better way. He set it before the young ruler as the highest ideal for life. And to other would-be disciples, He said the same thing. Why? Surely it reveals the truth of the prophet's word, "All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way." That way of perverse folly robs the soul of blessedness and peace. But following the Christ, who is Himself the way, is the sure means by which the goal may be gained.

Thy paths, O Christ, are pleasantness and peace. Help us to walk with Thee along the way of obedience, and in fellowship with Thee shall we find grace and joy. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25

ADRIFT ON THE ICE.

"COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD."

READ PSALM 37:1-15.

SIR WILFRED GRENFELL was going with his dog team to pay an urgent

(Turn to next page)

sick call. To save time, he cut across a frozen bay, when, to his horror, the ice gave way. His sledge and supplies were lost. He and the dogs clambered on to a floating slab of ice. But his plight was desperate. Yet with death staring him in the face, his heart was wondrously quiet, and he was saying: "My God, my Father while I stray. . . . O teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done."

In all life's vicissitudes, help us to commit ourselves to Thine eternal keeping. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26

SAVED THROUGH SACRIFICE.
"HIS LIFE A RANSOM."
READ ISAIAH 53:4-9.

THE sequel to yesterday's story of Grenfell must be told. The brave doctor was rescued by a boat which saw his signals the next morning. He was taken home, and soon recovered from the effects of his terrible night on the ice. But he remembered that his life had been saved through sacrifice. He had a bronze tablet made, on which were recorded the names of his dogs, "Who gave their lives for mine." That is the gratitude which remembers.

By that sacrifice whereby we have been redeemed, inspire us to remember that we are not our own, but Thine, O Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27

TEMPERING THE SOUL.
"BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT ENDURETH."
READ JAMES 1:12-22.

A PIECE of steel may be so hard that it is brittle. Half of one per cent of carbon affects its quality. Therefore, when the smith is fashioning a piece of steel on the anvil, he must finally temper it. He heats it in the fire; then plunges it into a tank of water. He does this again and again, until his experienced eye tells him that he has secured the desired tempering. Trials and temptations, sorrows and struggles, do that for the soul.

Give us to understand better the meaning of our testing times. Amen.

(Turn to next page)

★

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(Continued from page 67)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28

ON STANDING FAST.

"STAND FAST IN THE FAITH."
READ I CORINTHIANS 16:5-14.

IT IS said that, at a critical juncture in the battle of Waterloo, an officer rode up to Wellington to report on his part of the field. "We are being hard pressed, Sir," he said. "What shall we do?" Wellington replied, "Stand fast."

These days demand the steadfast soul. Are we true to the faith of our fathers? Are we loyal to Christ?

O Christ, who dost never desert Thy disciples, enable us to be as true to Thee as Thou wilt be true to us. May we be known for our unfaltering obedience and unwavering faithfulness. Amen.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29

THE VALIANT HEART.

"NEVERTHELESS . . ."
READ LUKE 22:39-46.

THE valiant heart springs from an attitude of soul. It is first assured of God's presence, in spite of man's heedlessness and folly: "Nevertheless, He left not Himself without witness." Then it has a deep conviction of the worth of the Gospel, despite opposition, "Nevertheless, I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed."

Thus in fellowship with God valor is imparted, and the victory is sure.

Bring us into that intimacy with Thyself, O Father, that the difficulties and trials of life may no longer affright us.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 30

ON GIVING OURSELVES.

"FIRST GAVE THEIR OWN SELVES."
READ II CORINTHIANS 8:1-9.

THERE are two seas in Palestine. One is replete with fish. But the other is without life. The former is the Sea of Galilee; the latter the Dead Sea. The Sea of Galilee is fresh and beautiful because it is constantly giving forth its waters to the Jordan. The Dead Sea is dead because it takes those same waters of the Jordan, and retains them in its enclosing grip. Which things are analogous. We have received freely, and freely must give . . .

"I give Thee back the life I owe, that in Thine ocean depths its flow may richer, fuller be." Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31

HALLOWE'EN.

"THE SPIRITS OF JUST MEN."
READ HEBREWS 12:18-29.

THIS is the day when superstition used to run riot. People thought of witches, black cats, good and evil omens, and spirits which returned to terrify mortal men. The children have taken over some of these ideas, turning them into fun and an excuse for various pranks. But the day had some thought for the nameless saints who, like those of whom the Epistle to the Hebrews speaks, had been made perfect—and perfect through sufferings.

Help us to humble ourselves beneath Thy hand, O God, so that our trials and difficulties may be the means by which our lives are shaped unto Thy glory.

(Continued from page 27)

interested in the mission herd of reindeer. Residents explained that reindeer were not native to Alaska; they were imported from Siberia fifty years ago by a missionary, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who hoped thus to help the people solve their problems of food and clothing.

There are mission homes in Alaska. Homes for the old and the sick—and the young. In the one live one hundred and thirty-three native boys and girls. Among them is Billy Blackjack, son of Ada Blackjack, the only survivor of the vivid Wrangel Island adventure so dramatically described by Stefansson; Billy Benson, whose design for the flag of Alaska—the Great Dipper and the North Star on a field of blue—was accepted officially as the territorial emblem; Ephriam Kalmakoff, the famous Marathon runner.

One of the forty orphans in the Kodiak Orphange poses a question: "The people from the States write us letters and ask us what the Eskimos eat and wear. Do they think we are all Eskimos?" One good look at the youngsters in this home will convince anyone that Alaska is a human League of Nations. Almost without exception, these children have some Aleut Indian blood in their veins. It makes no difference to the Orphanage staff; they are all—children.

A young man driving his dog team across the Alaskan wastes some years ago came across another sled half covered with snow. The dogs had chewed their way out of the harness and disappeared. The driver was dead. But deep in the furs was the driver's twelve-year-old daughter. The rescuer took the girl back to his village, and left her there.

The girl grew, went to Tacoma to school, and at eighteen returned to Alaska to marry the man who had saved her life. A year later a son was born. A baby girl followed a year after that, and the mother died in childbirth; the two children were taken to Jesse Lee Home. The boy was bright. He went from one school to another; he came to the States to study medicine, but he never got to it. At the Home he had found a dilapidated old organ, on which he learned to pick out a few tunes; music, his teachers found, was an instinct with him. He was so good at it that it crowded out his desire to study medicine; he got a scholarship in music. Then came concerts, and the radio: Simeon Oliver has been heard all over the continent.

There you have it. There is the program and the aim of home missions from Nome to Puerto Rico: an inclusive church affecting the whole of American life, a church for all peoples, a house of prayer in whose pews is the great, needy family of mankind, thirsty for a common faith, worshiping a common God.

(Continued from page 19)

coming an Indian organization with the Indian laymen taking the places of responsibility and Leadership."

I am writing this in India. In Calcutta. I have been visiting Indian churches, mission schools, hospitals, agricultural stations. And I have been hearing all over again the old, old dirge of the cynical soldier and merchant in India: "This missionary business is hopeless. The odds are too great." Either they don't know, or they lie. (I know some lie; missionaries preach brotherhood and a square deal, and some don't like that.) Yet out of India has come this tremendous news. It has remained for this "hopeless" field to produce the religious phenomenon of the decade.

India shows the way. India sets for all of us a twentieth century example of unselfish and unsectarian commitment to the great world-wide Christian task not only for Methodists but for Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, to all Protestant Communions everywhere. It is a challenge we can't dodge. India says, frankly, "If we can do it, why can't you?"

They haven't drawn up any elaborate "Constitution and By-Laws." There aren't any sanctions or exceptions or conditions, as we have in the League of Nations and in many a young peoples society of twenty members! They have based it all on five words: "For Christ and the Church!" It is, astonishingly enough, not only a motto but a whole program. It transcends credo for a service broader than any denominational issue and comprehensive enough for all.

It makes India a recognized pioneer, and it isn't the first contribution to Christian progress; the united church in the south of India is already well known to the world. Yet this coming of these thousands of youth into the International Christian Endeavor seems to me the most interesting of all. For mission-church youth challenges home-church youth. The student turns to teach the teacher! The teacher, I think, had better wake up.

Some time back I watched a great C. E. parade. From the reviewing stand I looked miles down the street to see them coming, by the hundred, by the thousand, four, six, eight, ten abreast. There seemed no end to their numbers. With chills running up and down my spine, the thought struck me squarely between the eyes: "If these young people really mean business, they can upset the world."

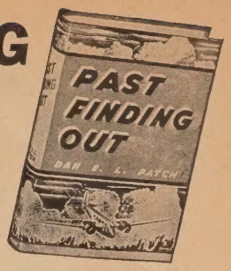
If we let this challenge from India pass, we shall *not* upset the world; we shall rob God. There is no good reason under heaven why we cannot now have an accelerated Christian youth movement toward vital and vitalizing unity among Christian youth everywhere. Believe me, that is the only way in which to win this world-wide fight for Christ. We will never, never, never do it if we remain divided in a hundred camps.

I can't sleep, here in Calcutta, thinking of what India has done. I can't sleep when I think of what youth in America may yet do. May we all be one. Thank you, India. Wake up, America. For Christ's sake, "May we all be one!"

Swooping out of the sky into a forgotten crater

PAST FINDING OUT

BY CHIEF DAN E. L. PATCH



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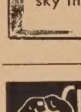

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EDITED BY
Paul Maynard

MEDICAL SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear sir:

We have heard many interesting comments on Dr. Crampton's article in your June issue, and I just want to write you this line to tell you how much the medical profession appreciates your publishing so excellent an objective approach to these important problems.

Dwight Anderson,
Director Public Relations

The Wagner health Bill which Dr. Crampton discussed, was not brought up in Congress during the session recently closed. It will undoubtedly receive early attention in the next session.

Hearing Both Sides

Piedmont, California

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear sir:

With ninety per cent of your readers, patience is a virtue. It takes a long time and many disagreeable statements before a reader takes the time to tell you how unjust your policy (and so how harmful to you) of printing such an unbalanced story as "If Christ Came Back to Germany" by such a bitter person as its writer.

I wish to certify herewith that our Pastor of Calvary Church is at present in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Slovakia —especially in the first two named countries—preaching the gospel in evangelistic tent meetings, going from city to city without the slightest interference. It's the old-time revival meetings that he is holding and when he returns (in autumn) I hope you will give him an opportunity to answer the poisonous propaganda abroad. His wife is with him (she is of old English stock) and he is Swiss.

I must also challenge your editorial (News Digest) distortions as to the suppressing the sale of the Bible in Germany. For truth's sake—which is a godly virtue —please correct that statement.

I would like to feel that the Herald gives both sides a story.

Sincerely,
W. G. P. Blumert

We will indeed be delighted to hear from the Pastor mentioned in this letter—but we can't seem to forget Niemoeller, nor that free sale of the Bible has been abolished in Germany.

Criticisms Welcomed

Ashland, Ohio

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear sir:

I know I am a mighty small potato to criticize a guy big enough to be editor of the great *Christian Herald*. You no doubt know more in a minute than I do in a month. It might explain matters a little for you to know that most of my blood is of the Scotch-Irish variety. I have been taking the C. H. for thirty-five years or more and generally have found it all wool and a yard wide. Twice now in the last few months I have felt it is trying to get into style by becoming Roosevelt-ized and Hitler-ized. Roosevelt-ized by slobbering over the Pope and Hitler-ized by slamming the Jews.

Ard Blackford

Bro. Blackford is in the building material business. We hasten to assure him that he has the same right to criticize a "guy big enough to be editor" as we would have to criticize any lumber he might sell us.

RADIO DRAMAS

Radio Dramas, although effective, are quite simple to produce because no costumes or scenery are necessary.

Broadcasting stations are eager for programs of a religious nature, put on by small church groups. If your society wishes to broadcast a religious drama, go to the local station and ask their cooperation. You will find them not only willing but extremely helpful in directing your drama and supplying the needed sound effects. Already many requests have come from young people's groups for Biblical dramas which could be used for this purpose. We have available 12 excellent dramas, prepared by Howard Cook, four of which take 15 minutes, the balance 30 minutes to produce.

The price is 50 cents each for the 15-minute dramas, $1.00 for the 30-minute. Script includes musical direction and scene description.

A list, describing these different dramas, will be sent to any address upon receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Radio Dramas, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

☆ ☆

On Teaching Temperance

Topeka, Kansas

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear sir:

On page seven of the *Christian Herald* for July, I find an article entitled "Teach Temperance in the Schools." You mention there Michigan and Utah as having laws requiring the teaching of Temperance in the Public schools. I am sending to you a leaflet giving the text of the law which is in force in Kansas. While this law was passed at the same time the laws in all the other states of the union were passed, under the direction of Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, the director of Scientific Temperance Instruction of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the legislators of Kansas have never seen fit to add to or take from the statute as placed in our laws, in 1885.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Kansas prints 20,000 programs, which are distributed to all the rural and grade teachers of Kansas through the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. This year, 1,000 additional copies of a program for high schools was published and will be sent out, through the same source, to the high schools of the state.

Also, two instructors trained in presenting the subject of Alcohol Education—what it is and what it does—will be on the regular programs of twenty-two of the County Teachers' Institutes in Kansas during the month of August. Also each of the state colleges, as well as several denominational colleges have had the services of one of these instructors from one to four days this year, to show the teachers in training how to present this subject to the pupils of the state. . . .

Mary E. Dobbs,
Cor. Sec. Kansas W.C.T.U.

The law reads as follows:

No certificate shall be granted to any person to teach in any of the public schools of this state after the first of January, eighteen hundred and eighty six, who has not passed a satisfactory examination in the elements of physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic stimulants and narcotics upon the human system; and provision shall be made by the proper officers, committees and boards for instructing all pupils in each public school supported by public money and under state control upon the aforesaid topics.

Passed March 5th, 1885

We will be glad to hear from other readers on this subject.

The Editor's Meat

Hanford, California

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear sir:

For some time I have had it in mind to write you and tell you how much I appreciate your magazine. I cannot mention all the features that I like, but I do enjoy reading the answers to questions by Dr. Poling, and wish there were room for more answers.

The News Digest is unbiased and helpful; I read every word.

Eva Lips' article on conditions in Germany is revealing.

I cannot say that I enjoy reading all the letters to the editor. I was born in Iowa, and I know that there are many kindly and sane people still living there, though I do not know them personally, for I left there when a small child. And I do wish some of them would write and show their colors and take the bad taste out of our mouths left by the letters from Iowa written by A.O.Z. and J.B.T. in the July number. . . .

C.W.H.

Critical letters are the spice of an editor's day. The appreciative letters are the meat.

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For the best letter on the subject "The article I enjoyed most in the October issue—and why" we will pay $5.00.

Choose the article you enjoyed most and write us why you chose it in 100 words or less. All letters must be in our hands by October 20th.

(Continued from page 63)

To the question how a student, trained in this way, would earn his living, President Barr retorts that the answer is complicated. "If a free, disciplined mind prevents a young man from earning bread, then the St. John's program is genuinely dangerous to boys without a private income. But does it? If on the other hand, liberal education is to be judged by the standards of vocational or professional training, then the problem is insoluble.

"The founders of our Republic also founded colleges of liberal arts. They did not share our generation's uncertainty as to the public utility of such colleges. Indeed, they declared frequently and emphatically that, without liberal education, our form of government could not endure. For they knew that free institutions can be operated only by free men and that, while habeas corpus can free men's bodies, only liberal education can free their minds. Without such education, there would be no true leadership."

Will the discipline of the "New Program" produce men capable of meeting the problems of our time as ably and as far-sightedly as the Founding Fathers met theirs? If it does, then in years to come, as one of the outstanding men of our time has predicted, men will indeed point to the historic little St. John's College as "the seedbed of the American Renaissance."

(Continued from page 44)

"Get the hammer!" shouted father. (He always shouted as his father had been deaf, it seemed as though you could hear him for miles.) Father took the lantern, carrying it by the side instead of by the bail. I can see him now, going down the cellar stairs holding the lantern thus. I followed with the hammer. We got the barrel down on its side, and worked it about until the bung was on top. Father reached for the hammer.

Now, you don't hit the bung itself to get it out, you hit the stave right near it a downward blow. Father was a man that did not do things by halves, far from it. When he hit a barrel, he hit it. And so he hit this one.

Bang! the thing blew out like a rear tire of a model "T." A two inch stream of cider shot to the ceiling. What more natural impulse than to thrust his hand over the hole to stop the geyser. Stop nothing! He merely spread the shooting stream sidewise. I ducked to the floor, and father got the full benefit. He was literally soaked with cider, with his whiskers dripping wet. The deluge had drowned out the lantern; and, by the time he groped his way to the living-dining room, he was a sight to behold.

You know, I never found that bung. Out of sheer curiosity I used to look and look for it. The force with which it hit the ceiling may have splintered it to bits —who knows? But it was never found. Neither did I ever refer to this little incident in father's hearing. When I ever thought of it, I had to go out into the kitchen back of the stove and stay till I could quiet down. No one ever laughed at father.

(Next chapter "The School Days.")

"Not a worry or care!"

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OUR COVER

No doubt all our readers recognize Rev. George B. Gilbert. This color photograph was taken especially for Christian Herald, by

Ives Color Process

☆

NEXT MONTH

Prayer

By Dr. Charles M. Sheldon

☆

Health Can Be Bought

What a great city is doing for the health of its people

By Spencer Duryee

☆

Tin Can Symphony

A Trailer story

By Grace Nies Fletche

☆

Also, Honoré Morrow, Margaret Sangster, Frank S. Mead, George B. Gilbert and all the regular features.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

He Knew Girls

College Girl: "Call for me tonight at eight sharp."

College Boy: "O. K., what time'll you be ready?"

—Montreal Star.

Contingency

"Could you pay for an operation if I thought one was necessary?"

"Doctor, would you find one necessary, if I could not pay for it?"

—Exchange.

Anyway, They'll Go There

Fellows who drive with one hand are usually headed for the aisle of a church. Some of them will walk down it and some will be carried.

—New Orleans Picayune.

Convinced Believer

Man—Do you believe in luck?

Friend—Well, I should say I do. See that fat woman in the big hat and the red dress? Well, I once asked her to be my wife!

—Exchange.

Where's That Chloroform?

Head Clerk: "I am very sorry to hear of your partner's death. Would you like me to take his place?"

Manager: "Very much, if you can get the undertaker to arrange it."

—Pitt Panther.

Simple Explanation

Sambo, does yo' know why dey's such an affinity 'tween a colored man an' a chicken?

Sambo—Must be 'cause one am descended from Ham an' de odder from eggs.

—Exchange.

Pardon My Blushes

Jane (discussing operas with friend in street car)—I simply love Carmen.

Conductor (blushing)—Try the motorman, Miss. I'm a married man.

—Pathfinder.

Worth Trying

Sunday-school Teacher—"Bernie, you shouldn't lose your temper and talk like that to Tom. Have you tried heaping coals of fire on his head?"

Bernie—"No, I haven't, but it's a jolly good idea."

—Answers.

Oh Doctor!

A man went to the doctor's office to see what had made him so sick.

Doctor—What did you eat for breakfast?

Patient—I et seven pancakes.

Doctor—Ate.

Patient—Well, maybe it was eight that I et.

—Exchange.

A Suggestion

Miss Popplestone—When we are married, dear, we must have a hyphenated name—it's so much smarter. What would go well with Eaton?

Small Brother (from behind davenport)—How about "Moth"?

—Exchange.

Joyless

Frank—Did you take Christy for a joy ride last night?

Norman—No, just for a ride.

—Pathfinder.

Such Luck!

Two Negroes who had not seen each other in five years discovered each had been married during that time.

"What kinda woman did you-all get, Mose?" asked Rastus.

"She's a angel, Rastus, dat's what she am."

"Boy, you sho is lucky. Mine is still livin'."

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Ways of Genius

The distinguished but absent-minded lecturer was traveling by train but when asked for his ticket was unable to find it.

"Never mind, sir," said the conductor, who knew him well, "I know you bought one, so it will be all right."

"Thanks very much," said the lecturer, "but hang it all, man, I've got to find it to know where I'm going."

—Kablegrams.

You've Seen Those Big Pennies

A Scotsman, leaving his friend's house, where he had been visiting, held out to his host's small boy a threepenny-bit and a penny, saying, "Now Sandy which one will ye hae?"

Young Sandy, being a cute wee beggar, said: "Och, Mr. McTavish, I was always taught no' to be greedy, so I'll hae the wee one."

McTavish, not to be outdone, replied: "Weel, Sandy, for being a good boy, and not being greedy, I'll gie the big one to ye."

—Advance.